

NEW YORK

Advertiser

A HOME WEEKLY

Entered according to act of Congress, in the year 1877, by BEADLE AND ADAMS, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Vol. VIII.

E. F. Beadle,
David Adams,
PUBLISHERS.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 4, 1877.

TERMS IN ADVANCE
(One copy, four months, \$1.00
One copy, one year, . . . 3.00
Two copies, one year, . . . 5.00)

No. 586

"PUT OUT THE LIGHT."

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

The lights from the windows gleamed golden and steady.
The music came low, like the humming of bees:
Through the parted silk curtains the dancers already
She saw bending and waving like boughs in a breeze.
Her wild eyes were strange and her olive cheeks
burning.
As, crouched behind roses and sweet mignonette,
She watched, with a still fascination, the turning
 Kaleidoscope figures that parted and met.
The dewy lawn glittered; the nested birds twittered.
Disturbed by the music and light underneath:
Her black hair fell heedless, her pale lips, emitted
By words that were curses, were gnawed by her teeth.
Ah! little the lord of the fête apprehended
What eyes, through the roses, were watching for him!
The eyes that he loved were like sapphires—so
splendid
With sunny blue light—not these eyes dark and dim.
On his arm hung his bride, all in white, fair and slender—
His wedding-ring shone on her soft little hand:
He dropped his proud head to speak words low and tender—
He recalled not the past in a far, foreign land.
The lovely Venetian was long since forgotten—
The sweets of her lip and the warmth of her breast:
Their gondola, now, on the water lies rotten.
And she may be dead—so he hopes—and at rest.
The music plays sweetly, the dancers dance lightly.
The sound of soft laughter breaks out now and then:
The broad golden beam of the lamps hovers brightly
Where bridegroom and bride on the terrace are seen.
Like a ghost from the roses she silently rises—
"Who's this?" asks the bride with a shudder of fear.
While the pallor of death the man's color surprises:
He murmurs: "Isola, why comest thou here?"
"To tell this fair mistress your own wife once
rested
As close in thine arms as she'll slumber to-night—
To give her sweet joy of my husband—attested
To be so, by this—Madam, see you it right?"
She flung down a ring, and the bride, pale as marble,
Stooped, caught at the jewel, and read the name there.
A bird overhead began softly to warble,
The dancers were dancing, the lights shining fair.
But the bride did not come to the feast that awaited:
She called for her father—"Oh, hide me!" cried she.
While the phantom laughed low at the bridegroom unattended—
Laughed wildly and low, ere she died at his knee.

A Woman's Hand:

OR,
THE MYSTERY OF MEREDITH PLACE.

BY SEELEY REGESTER,
AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD LETTER," ETC.

CHAPTER III. THE GOVERNESS.

A few paragraphs will suffice to state all that is necessary to be known with regard to the career of my uncle, Dr. Meredith. His father had been a physician before him—a successful one—and had left this very old stone homestead and its broad acres, with considerable other property, to his son, of whom he had high hopes, seeing how fond he was of the pursuits which had always had such fascinations for himself. But, the first doctor had been a worker and a practical man; the second was a dreamer and an impractical man in many things necessary to an outside prosperity. The plain country people among whom his practice lay, were afraid of him. He was not broad enough in his humor, coarse enough in his jests, nor quick enough in his treatment to give them complete satisfaction; so their patronage was bestowed on worthier aspirants, and my uncle lived very happily with his beautiful and highbred wife, unmindful that the golden thread of prosperity was slipping out of his hands, glad not to be called away too frequently from his darling experiments in the laboratory, and his still more darling wife and child.
Little Lillian was the wonder and glory of the neighborhood. She was a sight worth speaking of when any one had seen her, or her mother—one the reduced image of the other. They rode out nearly every fine day, and the trim little carriage, the glittering harness, the jet-black ponies, and equally jet-black driver, never failed of awakening the same interest and curiosity, while the lady and child were regarded as only a little lower than the angels. Lillian had long, bright hair which rippled down to her waist, a fair, fair face, and splendid dark-hazel eyes which blazed like stars. You see, I describe her, instead of her mother. For, was she not ever, is she not still, the central idea about which all others revolve?
It was Lillian who flew, like a gleam of sunshine, to meet me, when the lumbering stage left me, a penniless orphan-boy, stranded on my uncle's doorstep and my uncle's bounty. She was then ten and I fourteen. I was poor, ill-dressed, and bad. I wondered that she could be so kind to me. My father, although I, too, was a Meredith, never had been anything but a disgrace to his family. A spendthrift, with no settled occupation, he had married an uneducated woman, who yet had a heart which he could break, and who had died in poverty when I was six years old. After her death I was confined to the care of such persons as my father could induce to keep me for small compensation. When my board-bill remained too long unpaid, I would be turned adrift, and then he would find me another home, equally wretched with the last. Thus I had lived, in a city, too, exposed to all the associations besetting a boy who spent



I could not speak nor stir; while she, her alarm subsiding, gave me a searching look.

the most of his time on the street, until I was thirteen, when my father, also, died, writing, on his death-bed, a letter to Dr. Meredith, which resulted in my being sent for by him, and adopted into his family.
I did not then realize how great must have been the generosity, how keen the sense of duty of my uncle, in bringing a child like me into his house, allowing me to sit at his board, to enjoy, under restriction, the companionship of his daughter, and in devoting so much of his time to my neglected education. The patience with which he strove to eradicate my vices and encourage my virtues I was then too young to appreciate. I was ungrateful. I fretted under this unaccustomed restraint. My new life would have been intolerable had it not been for the boundless passion I cherished for my cousin. From the moment my eyes fell upon her I had exalted her to a niche in the neglected temple of my heart. I felt that she was the only person who had been kind to me, and that I was powerless to gain my misrepresentation.
She was a young woman whom one of her own sex would never have elected to the place which she now filled—for a woman would have read her character by intuition; while she was just the one to dazzle and deceive a man. Accomplished she doubtless was; of a good family, too, and with superior recommendations; handsome, likewise, with black eyes and hair, a sparkling smile and elegant figure. But there was indomitable ambition written on the smooth, broad forehead and rather heavy brow, and a light deep down beneath the surface smile of the dark eye, which was both subtle and bold. A woman not too modest, with talent for any kind of a sharp game in life, and with a restless temperament which always would be prompting to action.
Why should such a woman settle down into the quiet routine of Meredith Place?
I felt quite sure that her duties as governess to one apt and loving little pupil were not her most engrossing occupations.
However, as I have said, she held the winning cards. What could a lad, with an unhappy reputation and unpleasant manners, do in the struggle with a person of her position? If I was too sharp; if she felt that my curious regard was upon her when she was making herself all that was attractive and sympathetic to the mourning widow; if her cheek often flushed under the wicked look I forgot to suppress, she had her revenge. I felt that my uncle liked me less with every day of my stay with him; and Lillian, that sweet, affectionate child, gradually shunned me as if I were something vile or dangerous.
I could not endure this. I had the Meredith pride, if I had not the Meredith dignity. The United States took a fancy to enlarge her possessions about that time; the Mexican war passed from rumor into reality; my long-cherished purpose to run away from a home which I enjoyed upon sufferance only, took tangible shape. At fifteen I was a drummer-boy marching in the van or lagging in the rear of my regiment, following the stars-and-stripes to tropic skies, my fancy gorgeous with visions of a land of flowers and beauty, my ambition sweeping upward toward the gold eagle of promotion—the suffering and ennui of Meredith Place sinking back into the far-away, lighted by only one ray of heavenly light—the ever-present memory of my cousin Lillian.
For her, I would win glory and renown; for her my name should become associated with great deeds; my enemies should rescind their opinions, and triumph should be mine.
In the meantime, I marched away to privations, hardships, evil company and many temptations, leaving my relatives entirely ignorant of my destiny, and thinking this crowning act of my life, this running away in the night, without farewell or word as to my purposes, only what was to be expected of me.

CHAPTER IV.
MEREDITH PLACE, IN SHADOW.
Two years thereafter I re-entered the large square hall of the old stone house. The door stood open, as it always did in summer-time; the door at the rear also stood wide, and a breeze, rich with the perfumes of the flower-garden, was wafted toward me as I entered. No one had noticed my approach, which gave

me leisure to observe how all things remained unchanged during what seemed to me so long, long a time. The ivy waved from the tower, the cat lay sleeping in the sun on the mat, the old settee was ranged along the wall, the pictures hung there—all as if it were only yesterday I had deserted them. A broad beam of the declining sun shot through from the back entrance, touched, it seemed to me, with the color and fragrance of the old garden which I had once loved so well, and my heart cried out, with the cry of a child for love, forgiveness, welcome. Oh, that I had a mother, or a father! oh, that Lillian were my friend—my sister! oh, that even my uncle regarded me with justice, if not tenderness!
But, the broad beam crept forward and sought me out, showing me the dust and stains, and tatters of my faded army blue. My uncle had approved of the war, and it was not likely that he would approve of my part in it, insignificant as that share had been. Involuntarily I turned to the mirror set into the wall, and glanced at the tall, strapping form, looking taller and thinner than I should from like emaciation of sickness and pain—the yellow skin, the hectic color on the cheek, the faded uniform, the broken arm still in its sling—my right arm, the bone of which had been so shattered as to have been saved only by the surgeon's careful skill, and which threatened never more to be of any great service. Why had I wandered back here? I had no claims upon my relatives; I was not loved by them. "It would be better to steal away unannounced—with one backward glance to give up Meredith Place forever than to yield to that weak craving of my heart which had led me here."
I was about to turn, at this suggestion of pride, when a shadow fell athwart the sunshine filling the doorway, a light step sounded, a young girl advanced into the hall a few paces, when, perceiving me, standing there like a beggar or worse, she was surprised into dropping the roses from her hands, and almost into a scream. A young creature, glowing, lovely, material—not a vision unsubstantial as a dream.
I recognized my cousin Lillian only at the second glance, such a charm had those two years worked upon her. Neither a woman nor a child; indescribably fresh and radiant, like the roses she had been gathering; plenty of color in her cheeks; her eyes, so dark and bright, flashing with surprise—I can even remember the dress she wore, although our sex is said not to remark such things. But to me that vision always has remained as a picture, perfect in all, even in tint and color. The floating lilac muslin, the rosy sash, the white shoulders gleaming from a golden cloud of curls—my heart rose up in my throat and choked me. I could not speak nor stir; while she, her alarm subsiding, gave me a searching look, and as the light of recognition dawned over her face, I saw neither anger nor dislike.
"Is it you, cousin Joe?"
I held out my left hand; still I could not speak. I always had loved my little cousin, but this young girl was a new creation, and to hear her call me by name with that soft voice, to feel her clasp my hand with that eager pressure, sent a thrill through my veins which I had never known before. In that moment I was born again to new resolves and aspirations; but it always was my fate to appear at a disadvantage. I could not answer; and when she glanced at my wounded arm, I blushed like one guilty of some wrong.
"Poor Joe! We heard you were wounded at Vera Cruz. Is it bad?" touching lightly the sling.
"Bad enough, Lillian," I managed to say. "So you heard of me?"
"Yes, papa heard, a few months ago. Besides, we saw your name in the papers. You were reported to have been very brave." She smiled, and I blushed yet deeper.
"Is your father very angry with me?"
"I think he will be glad to hear you have come back."
"Is he well, Lillian? Is he married again?"

"Married again!" echoed my cousin, with a gay laugh—the idea was a novel one to her; the next instant her face clouded over, and she added, sadly, "he will never marry, cousin Joe. He never forgets, for one hour, my dear mamma."
"Forgive me; I always blunder, you know." Here some one stepped out from the drawing-room, a lady, dressed in black silk, with black hair and eyes, who chilled the sunshine for me—Miss Miller, looking not a day older, strong and triumphant as ever, casting upon me a glance of cool dislike and inquiry, as if I were an intruder whom she had a right to thrust from the hall.
"Miss Miller, here is cousin Joe," cried Lillian, appealingly.
"Ah," said the lady, with the slightest possible bow to me; "does Doctor Meredith know of his arrival?"
The inference was that if he knew, he would disapprove of it. Lillian and I both felt the meaning in her icy tones. I was so weak from sickness and weary from my long journey that I had no courage to renew the combat just then; I began to tremble, and the warmth and strength which had come to me with the revelation of Lillian's beauty and kindness, deserted me at the time when I needed them most.
"Sit down," said my cousin, drawing me toward the settle. "Joe is sick, Miss Miller. Look at his arm. Papa must doctor him up."
"Perhaps. If such is his judgment. In the meantime, you had better announce the arrival to him. No doubt he would desire to be informed of it, Lillian, my dear, if he knew how you were committing yourself."
I chafed at this reproach of my cousin, but she flew away, looking back with a smile, returning in a few moments with her father, and crying before he had an opportunity to speak:
"He has promised to cure you, cousin Joe—to take care of you until you are well. He looks so ill, doesn't he, papa?"
Her gay words took away all formality from the meeting, which I had dreaded even while I sought it. My uncle called me "his poor boy," and said, with a sad, weary smile, that he would kill the fatted calf, if he had one to kill, but that his fatted calves had gone long ago, and there were no new ones to take their place.
From this I gathered a hint of his poverty. It was not many days before I learned the work. The pretty carriage and the jet-black ponies were gone; the sable groom, along with other of the family servants, had been sent to look out new homes for themselves; a pinching economy reigned in the house, and, worst of all, heavy mortgages hung over Meredith Place.
Then it was I began to wonder why Miss Miller still remained. I had reason to believe that her salary was in arrears, and it could not be pleasant for her to share in the privations to which the Doctor silently submitted, and which Lillian was too young and buoyant to greatly heed. If she really loved Doctor Meredith with a true woman's love, which made her willing to serve him to her own detriment, and to share his poverty in case he should yield to her constant influence and make her his wife, I should feel more respect for her than I had yet felt. It might be that, beginning with the ambition to be mistress of Meredith Place, she had learned to love the peculiar and interesting man, still in the prime of life—the quaint thinker, the earnest scholar, the accomplished, though old-fashioned gentleman. If noble looks, fine personal gifts, talents, and a pure heart, could win this woman's regard, without money, here was the man to gain her affections. She herself had passed that bloom of youth when a girl expects a choice of suitors; she could not be far from thirty-five years of age, although looking twenty-five, and with that showy style of features and manners which keep her looking no older for some time to come.
It has been said—I do not reaffirm it—that a woman thinks more of marriage, of a home and settlement, than of any and all other advantages. Miss Miller doubtless came to Meredith Place with the purpose to find such settlement there; at first she was unaware of the debts burdening the fine old estate, or the real poverty of its owner; she knew only that it was a grand place and the family one in which it would be an honor to enter. When she slowly discovered the true state of affairs she probably had already allowed her feelings to dwell too fondly on its master. The Doctor was a fascinating man, even to his own sex who had intelligence to appreciate him, his singularity and originality adding to the interest which surrounded him.
I was so much of an invalid during the fall and winter succeeding my return as to be fit for nothing but to lounge about the house. My uncle treated me with more kindness than ever, there being a touch of fatherly tenderness in his ministrations; and I learned to love him, next to Lillian. Vacillating as were my resolves and many my faults, I had the grace to love those whom I loved with a fervor, a passion, a devotion which made up the great part of my impulsive nature. I longed for a man's strength that I might work for him. I bitterly regretted the luck which had flung my good right arm powerless to my side. Day by day I could see the march of anxiety, the advance of trouble, yet I could not prove my willingness to take up the burden, since I could find nothing to do suited to my health and the crippled condition of my limb. The Doctor would flee from duty and the threatening aspect of creditors, deeper and deeper into the intricacies of his laboratory, which afforded him his sole comfort. Miss Miller was so very patient and so very devoted that I almost forgot my suspicions dislike of her. She kept the gloomy old house cheerful with a seemingly spontaneous gaiety; it rung with the music of the piano, and her own magnificent voice, and, no matter how simple and unvaried the table-fare she presided with the same festive ceremonies. She even began to develop a taste for chemistry. When she found that she could not keep the master of Meredith Place out of his laboratory by the exercise of the natural sorcery of her sex, she followed him into that mysterious den where the practice of various black arts went on continually. With pretty little screams and starts she would combine and dispart the elements, stifle herself with fumes and stir the golden fires under the crucibles, cleanse bottles, fill retorts, blow tiny bellows, glance over learned treatises, listen to long lectures, so gracefully, so bewitch-

ingly, that I marveled at the blind composure of my dear uncle under it all. In fact, the Doctor regarded her with something of the same affection he gave to Lillian; all the passion he ever had felt for woman as lover or wife slumbered in the grave of her he had lost.

Still, Miss Miller did not despair; that I could guess from her deportment. I was glad when she took to chemistry, for it removed her Argus-eyed surveillance from me, hours at a time, when I could be happy in my arm-chair or on my lounge, looking at Lillian, listening to her singing, watching her fingers busy with the needle and her embroideries.

I had begun the study of medicine. My uncle advised it, as I was unfitted for active employment; and I would have been rash and ungrateful to throw away the opportunity to read under such an instructor. I did not like it, on the contrary I had no taste for it; but I had no other way of proving my desire to please him, and my resolution to become industrious and reliable.

Thus affairs drifted slowly on, until the world at large, and the idlers of Hampton township and village began to discuss the marvelous discoveries of gold in California. From the very first rumors which floated about, until his final decision was made, my uncle showed more interest in this subject than he had in anything since his wife's death. All the romance of his nature took fire, as he read and mused over the accounts from that wonderful country. Being a geologist as well as chemist, he felt a keen desire to examine for himself, by the light of science, the fascinating developments of the new El Dorado. He wanted to be free from the mortifications which hampered him, to shake off debts, duns, and depressing memories, to plunge into a new life—and, to make money. He would have this longed-for adventure, and, at the same time, he would lift the shadow from Meredith Place and set it once more to glowing in the full sunshine of prosperity!

Thus he felt and thus decided. Miss Miller opposed him with dismay. But, when she satisfied herself that she had no power to keep him, she yielded, only insisting that this concession—that, on no account, should he be absent more than two years. In the meantime, she would promise to remain that length of time, keeping charge of the house, and continuing the studies of her young pupil.

As for me, I was to continue to abide in the house, affording it the protection (I) of my newly-sprouting beard, and making use of the splendid library of the Doctor to perfect myself, as far as was reading could enlighten me, in a knowledge of my future profession.

A third mortgage was placed on Meredith Place, giving my uncle the means to provide for our subsistence during his absence, and to pay his passage on one of the vessels which, as spring came on, began to turn their prow toward the land of gold.

Dr. Meredith was thus among the earliest adventurers, and soon becoming known as a man of science, his knowledge and services were quickly brought into requisition. His letters were of absorbing interest, though many frequent. The wild, the mad, the strange, peculiar and astonishing aspects of the new life were pictured to us with a vivid pen. The gambling-hells, the street murders, the incredible prices of the necessities of life, the hardships of the miners, the destructive fires, the "fever" for gold, with the varying aspects of the disease, the sudden growth of the canvas city, all the novel, and wicked, and pathetic, and outrageous lights and shadows of the picture were touched for us, and we hung over his letters as over some thrilling romance.

Before many months he began to announce that he was coming money almost as fast as he could desire. With a forethought for which he had his reward, he had expended a portion of his restricted fund obtained by the mortgage, every dollar which could be spared, in the purchase of *quinine*. His supply of the much-needed and fabulously-dear drug, united with his skill as a physician, and the constant demand upon his services, for which enormous fees were paid, soon placed him on the high road to wealth.

Miss Miller felt that she was about to reap the reward of long and patient waiting. I could read it in the flushed cheek and sparkling eye. At the end of the first year, she was a resolute with directions to pay up the arrears of her salary, with various small debts made in the village, leaving a surplus which enabled us to indulge in a few luxuries.

Lillian declared she would have a new silk dress made *full length* like Miss Miller's, and a bonnet like other young ladies—no more hats for her! Her governess laughed and consented. Indeed, she took great pains with Lillian's summer toilet, causing a variety of pretty dresses and maids to be made up, and, above all, and all the little ornaments of young ladyhood to be provided.

I enjoyed the sight of my beautiful cousin in these becoming toilets. For the first time in my life I was really happy. Our life was most peaceful. I had the consciousness of duty performed, for I was a close student, and was rewarded for my perseverance by becoming deeply interested in and fond of my medical studies. I was regaining the use of my arm; my health was improving, and with that, my looks also, as my mirror told me. I loved Lillian quietly, with intense but calm feeling; she was pleasant and friendly with me; and Miss Miller let me alone.

Yes! I was happy, for a little, flitting time. In the middle of the summer Miss Miller began to talk about her brother Arthur. He had been overworking himself, through this hot weather, studying law in a New York city office. She had advised him to come to the country for a two months' vacation. She had seen so little of him of late years—and he was her pet; her favorite; the youngest of the family—she felt as if she must have him near her. If she could find a boarding-place not too far away, where Arthur could be comfortable.

The young mistress of Meredith Place put on quite a matronly air, as she assured her dear governess that she should not listen to such a proposition—Miss Miller's friends and relatives had the freedom of Meredith Place. How should we all feel with her brother boarding at a strange house?

Miss Miller kissed the sweet face held up with such animation, and as she finished her embrace I met her eyes darting at me a peculiar, searching glance. I blushed, for I knew that I felt unwilling to have another, a stranger, a young gentleman, intrude upon our quiet happiness. She smiled at me, and all of a sudden all my old distrust and hatred sprang up full-armed.

Her smile said as plainly as words, that she read me, and my foolish hopes—that she plotted against me—and that now, as ever, she held the winning cards.

In a few days Arthur Miller became our guest. From the instant he met his eye and touched his hand, I hated him a thousand times more intensely than ever I had hated his sister. I confess that my impulses are not to be relied upon; that I am not well-governed; that I was madly jealous of him—and yet, withal, I am certain that I had true ground for my distrust. Jealousy sharpened my glance, but, in this instance, did not discolor it.

Arthur Miller was two or three years older than myself—young enough, but, at that age, giving him immense superiority in the eyes of young ladies—a superiority of which he was keenly sensible. He was very handsome, as far as features, form, and complexion could make him so. To me he was never tolerable looking, because I hated the smooth smile, the red lips formed for treacherous words, and the bold, bright eyes, so like his sister's. He dressed elaborately, was graceful, self-possessed, and his silken mustache was "sweet to see," I suppose; I could not appreciate him. My clothes were shabby and unfashioned, and I had even grown them; I was not graceful, and had little self-possession under such disadvantages. Still, I did not under-rate myself. I was handsome, too—or would be in a year or two. My face was an honest one, and his was not.

I saw that he was pleased with Lillian's ex-

quisite beauty; I knew he had resolved, before he had been under the roof of Meredith Place one evening, that he would give his part, his fortune, his sister's desires and designs—whatever these might be.

All was plain enough to me. Dr. Meredith was coming home, rich. Miss Miller, not satisfied with the expectation of becoming the sister of his fortune, was eager for her favorite brother to "feather his nest" also. It would be pleasant for her to bring about a marriage between him and Lillian. They could all live under one roof, enjoy together the fruits of their labors—while I—was it reasonable to suppose that Meredith Place would be a happy home for me, when these changes had transpired?

Already I began to feel the old desolation—already I was a wanderer in imagination. Arthur Miller had not been our visitor a week before Lillian neglected me for him. It was natural she should do so. He had the charm of newness, and a thousand other charms. He was gay and attractive, making the acquaintance of dozens where I would not have found time or way for one. The village young people began to find out what a charming host the old brown villa was. We were invited to picnics and evening parties made for Arthur Miller and Lillian Meredith. The pretty toilettes did good service. We gave entertainments in return. Lillian was intoxicated by this first sparkling draught of social enjoyment. She had lived so very secluded that this gaiety had the power of novelty;—and then she was so lovely and so sweet in her manners that she was flattered and petted almost beyond bearing with equanimity.

I went to all the merry-makings because my cousin insisted, and because my jealousy would not allow me to stay away. It was misery to see them together; yet I could not remain at home, poring over my books, and imagining those two enjoying each other's society. My constant wish was for the two months to elapse, when Miller would return to the city.

His vacation passed, and more. Then Miss Miller announced that she had decided to leave the country, his health so much better here, and it was so much easier for a young man to obtain a start in his profession in a village than in a city, he had resolved to open an office in Hampton, and remain at least for the winter.

I saw Lillian smile and blush at this intelligence. The programme was carried out, the office secured; and Arthur, although no longer a guest, became almost a daily visitor at the old mansion. I felt that Miss Miller had acted dishonorably in thus throwing her brother upon Lillian's attention, during the absence of her father. If she really believed Arthur a suitable and acceptable companion for her pupil, she should at least have waited for the sanction of her father's presence. It was nearly fulfilling her duties, as she had promised and assured, to permit and encourage such an intimacy during Doctor Meredith's absence.

Lillian yet was only touching upon womanhood—sixteen that summer—and to invite her into an attachment, perhaps an engagement, appeared to me, under the circumstances, the basest of treachery. If I had liked the young gentleman and approved of him, I should have felt the same. As it was, I hardly knew what course to pursue.

Putting all else aside, my own desires or hopes, I could not reconcile myself to seeing my cousin in the nets of these two spiders. It would not do to write and say as much to Doctor Meredith, since he had won my confidence in Miss Miller than he had in me.

After much hesitation, I wrote, early in the winter, begging him to come home as soon as convenient, but giving no special reason, except that Lillian had become a young lady, and Meredith Place needed a master to keep admirers in awe.

His intention was to return in the spring, and this letter could not much shorten his term of absence.

CHAPTER V.

IN LIGHT. It was May when Dr. Meredith reached Meredith Place. My letter had found him involved in business which he could not immediately detach. Probably he attached no great importance to its injunctions.

A telegram from New York informed us of his arrival and gave the ladies of the household opportunity to order a festive dinner, and to adorn themselves as ladies would on such occasions, to give welcome to the long-absent master.

As I sat on the porch which commanded a view of the road, looking to see the old coach rolling along the blossom-sprinkled way, pink with the apple-blossoms, and green with the new leaves, I stepped out for an observation. For a moment she was unaware of my presence and I had full opportunity to read her face, which wore an eager, passionate, expectant look, betraying all her hidden love and hope. She was dressed magnificently, in black velvet, low on the shoulders, with brilliant clasps about her bare neck and arms. In her black braids she wore only a bunch of apple-blossoms. Her cheeks, usually rather sallow, were red as a young girl's. She must have expended all her hoarded salary on this extravagant dress so unsuited to her position. When she saw me she started, biting her lips in a momentary embarrassment.

"The stage is late," I said, rising; "where is Lillian?"

"Oh, she is at the front gateway. She will meet her father there."

I went out and joined my cousin. I knew that Miss Miller had planned to meet Dr. Meredith alone, where she would dare to betray a tender agitation at the meeting; and now, Miss Miller, at the moment of the meeting, she might involuntarily allow him to perceive not only what a splendid woman she was, but how deeply interested she was in him.

So let it be! Since Lillian was lost to me, the affairs of the household might as well be left to the hands so long awaiting authority. My own plans were laid, as well as they could be, in my situation. As soon as my uncle was settled at home, and I had rendered an account of my stewardship, I would leave Meredith Place forever. I would not say that I had left it forever, but such was my resolve. I would go into some hospital in New York or Philadelphia where I could receive instruction in return for my services; I would be a good physician, an honor to the old time, which was my aim. He did not know—life appeared stale and unprofitable enough.

I trembled as I stood silently by Lillian's side. I had not been alone with her for days and weeks. He was always in the way. To-day, however, he kept his distance. Miss Miller had too much tact to allow him to be too suddenly intruded upon the notice of the long-absent father.

"You are very exclusive, of late," remarked my cousin, with a half-pout, as she leaned over the gate, looking up the road, and not at me. "You are not my old Joe any more."

What a fool I was to be pleased with these words! When Arthur Miller was away she could not resist the temptation to coquet with me! I despised myself for the thrill of pleasure which ran through me, and fighting it down, answered, quietly:

"I've been very busy. When the Doctor is safely home I expect to take my departure, and I have preparations to complete."

"Cousin Joe, are you going away?" she asked, quickly, turning and laying her rose-leaf hand on my arm.

I thought she looked grieved, that the tears sprung to her eyes, and I never could bear the way she had of saying "Cousin Joe," without losing all resentment, so I answered much less bitterly than I had felt a moment previous:

"I must go. This is no longer home to me. I must work, and I must go where work is to be found."

"But, Cousin Joe—"

Then the rattle of the wheels was heard, and Lillian sprang outside the gate, forgetful of all; a cloud of dust rose up into the pink and white

blossoms which made one long bower of the country road; the galloping horses came into sight, and the driver, with a style and flourish meant to do honor to his passenger, and to Meredith Place, drew up before the entrance.

I saw the Doctor leap out, and turn to assist a young lady who had sat by his side; but Lillian had seen nothing saving her father's dear face, and she clung to him so fondly, with tears and laughter, that he had finally to disengage her loving arms.

"Lilly, my child, here is another who needs a welcome home. Call her Inez, or mother, or Mrs. Meredith—what you please—only be friends with her, for my sake."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 384.)

THISBE.

She lives in the smoky city.
Low down by the railway line;
She asks for no man's pity,
Nor cares for verse of mine.
She's moving hither and thither,
And often her work is hard;
But sometimes in fine weather
She rests a bit in the yard!
With the empty pal behind her,
She leans her arms on the wall,
And hopes that there he'll find her,
Her lover, strong and tall.
Up in the air above her
The great trains outward go;
And many a lass and her lover
May journey to Jericho.
But when he stoops from his doorway,
And leans his arms on the wall,
The way would be in a poor way
If that were not best of all.

The Velvet Hand:

OR,

THE IRON GRIP OF INJUN DICK.

A Wild Story of the Cinnabar Mines.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "INJUN DICK," "OVERLAND KIT," "ROCKY MOUNTAIN BOB," "KENTUCKY THE SPORT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

It was plainly evident that the dusky maid fully believed that she spoke the truth when she declared that but for her, Blanche, the velvet chief would have joined fortunes with the red braves, the masters of the lava rocks and the great northern wilderness, but the thought was folly! What was she to him, or he to her? If he came near the cottage at all it was to woo the waiting-maid, Zimena, and the proud beauty smiled in scorn at the thought.

The night was growing apace; she turned to enter the house, and was amazed to behold a tall, dark form advancing slowly around the corner of the cottage.

"It was an Indian—a brave chief wrapped up closely in a ragged blanket."

He ducked his head gravely upon perceiving that he was recognized, and uttered the salutation so common to the half-civilized red-man of the West.

"How?"

The girl, well used to the Indians from early childhood, perceived at a glance that this brave was no Californian savage; no red-skin west of the Rocky Mountain range ever boasted such a build.

Upon the appearance of the chief the thought that he was a companion of the girl naturally occurred at once to the owner, and the Indian soon put that idea to flight.

"Bad squaw—McCloud girl," he said, gravely, nodding his head in the direction taken by the Indian maid. "Chief watch her come—think mebbe she do bad—keep eye on her, you bet, bully boy!"

Blanche then understood that the red-man was claiming to act as a protector.

"Do you know her?" she asked.

"Mebbe yes—not much bad egg! no good McCloud but dead McCloud! Chief see her come—see her creep like wild-cat—think, mebbe, she mean bad—chief 'ante' up too; she no 'case,' he 'come in'—all good white men say chief old, tough son-of-a-gun!"

This was the most peculiar savage that the girl had ever seen.

"What tribe is the chief?" asked Blanche, curious to know from whence he came.

"Blackfoot—tribe fur off—many sleeps away. O-wa-he is a great chief among his people—like white braves too; white chiefs call him Mud-turtle."

The girl had never encountered a member of the Blackfoot nation before, and therefore it was no wonder that she did not recognize the stranger's nation.

"Chief hungry," continued the brave, impressively, "like grub—much grub, mebbe—speak white squaw gives chief fodder, he watch—see that bad McCloud squaw no come back."

"Certainly, come with me."

Blanche conducted the red-man into the kitchen where his arrival produced quite a sensation among the servants.

Bidding the housekeeper provide a substantial meal for the red-skin the girl withdrew to the privacy of her own apartment, there to meditate in solitude over the strange events of the day.

Mud-turtle had astonished the servants by his uncouth appearance, but he still more astonished them by his enormous appetite and the wonderful command which he possessed over the miner's slang common to the mountain region.

When the housekeeper, an aged dame of uncertain temper, told him that he was as big as an elephant, and could eat as much, he replied placidly that the statement was "too thin," and that she had better "walk off on her ear."

And then, when the hostler of the establishment, a wily little Mexican, took a fancy to a peculiar tobacco-pouch which the Indian wore, about the only thing really that was of much value that the chief possessed, and expressed a wish to purchase it, the Indian whipped out a deck of dirty cards from some hidden recess and offered to play a game of poker, the Mexican to stake a certain sum of money against the article.

Now, as the hostler rather prided himself upon his skill with cards, he gladly accepted the challenge, but the nimble-fingered Sanchez was a very bungler compared to the stolid savage, for cheat as outrageously as the Mexican could, the chief cheated still better, and within half an hour Sanchez had lost every valuable that he possessed.

And then, as if sighing for new worlds to conquer, the savage folded his blanket around him and stole away, his stomach full and his pockets well lined, thanks to the hostler's desire to possess the tobacco-pouch.

CHAPTER XIX.

LET UP, OLD MAN.

THE dusk of the evening shades was falling fast upon the town of Cinnabar. The miners were beginning to pour into the town, fresh from the mountain gulches and the toils of the

day; the saloons were beginning to freshen up and prepare for business, for it is by night only that the saloon in the mining town does much trade; like some huge beast of prey it slumbers while the sun is high.

Velvet Hand had just finished his supper in the restaurant of the Occidental, and was posing himself outside the hotel, leaning against the corner of the building, trimming his nails with the little pearl-handled knife, ever his constant companion.

Like the saloon-keeper's the gambler's trade thrived only by night, and the keen-eyed Velvet Hand was waiting for the coming of the Californian in order to indulge in their nightly encounter at the card-table.

"He can't possibly keep on at this rate much longer," Velvet Hand mused, in meditation, talking to himself after the fashion of men who make few friendships. "At the rate he is going on, the earnings of the richest lode in California wouldn't supply the dust, and I know that the mine is not doing much; and then, when he is shaken out, who will stand between me and mine! At last the Cinnabar lode will come back to me; not that I care to work it myself, for there are too many unpleasant memories connected with the spot, but no other man shall make money out of it. And when his grip is forced from the mine, what then?—what is there left for him—and for her? Ah! these women are always in the way."

"My lord dook!" cried a hoarse voice, close to the ear of the meditating man. "Kin I b'lieve me eyes, or kin I not? Am I dreamin', or is this a wakin' hour, when things air as they seem an' whisky is not?"

Turning, Velvet Hand beheld the person of the redoubtable bummer, the veteran, Joe Bowers.

"How air ye, me noble dook?" continued the vagabond, ducking his head in graceful salutation. "Velvet Hand, ole pard, how goes it?"

"Well, what do you want?" the sharp asked, abruptly, and with considerable asperity in his tone.

"Ye're jist ole business, every time, ain't ye?" Mr. Bowers exclaimed, in unbounded admiration. "Ah, pard! I reckon that you ain't changed much, though you've shaved off that big beard an' h'isted on the velvet togs. Now, by Saint Patrick! you look bully!"

Velvet Hand surveyed the bummer for an instant, a peculiar expression upon his face, and the vagabond, quick to read a man's thoughts in his face, saw that the sharp was uncertain how to receive him.

"As a friend, mighty satrap!" he hastened to exclaim. "I'm with yer, tooth and toe-nail! Glad air these aged eyes that they look one's ag'in upon yer noble face, an' if you feel inclined to stand the drinks for the sake of old times, I'm yer man. Never he it said that ole Joe Bowers refused to h'ist with a friend?"

"A friend, eh?" quoth Velvet Hand, doubtfully; "well now, I am not really certain that I am a friend of yours or that you are a friend of mine."

"Not certain, me lord!" Joe Bowers exclaimed, pathetically. "Oh! kin I b'lieve me own two lookin' ears—kin I trust the eyesight of me smellers? Oh, rocks! think on the old time, when in cahoots we bucked ag'in! Kentucky's game an' busted his consarn. Mebbe it wasn't a man about my size who warned you when the Egyptians came down 'like a wolf on the fold'! Oh, no! it was the man around the corner. The original Joe Bowers was not to the front! Who played ghost in the Cinnabar lode and kept the miners out'n it, eh? Was it me or some other man?"

"You think you know me?"

"Most noble dook! you kin bet ducats onto it!" cried Bowers, solemnly. "I knowed yer the moment I set me peepers on yer, although I give you me word as a white man that I had an idea that you had quit the game and 'cashed in your checks' long ago."

"I guess I'm still in the flesh," the sharp quietly returned.

"Well now, I reckon that you air!" the bummer protested, admiringly. "I'd like to see the galoot that sed you wasn't; he'd be my meat, or else my name ain't Joe Bowers! Say air you still keepin' yer eye on the Cinnabar strike?"

"Why do you ask such a question?" Velvet Hand inquired. "What is the Cinnabar mine to me?"

"Tain't as deep as a well nor as wide as a church door, but 'tis enough," replied the bummer, in his ridiculous, theatrical way. "Rocks, as I sed a min'ite ago, I reckoned that you had quit the game long ago, an' I constituted myself yer heir."

"Indeed! is that so?"

"True as preachin', me noble dook; as you had lost yer grip on the Cinnabar lode, I reckoned that I could spit on my hands and wade in."

"Who do you think I am?" asked the sharp, suddenly.

"Oh, I know yer like a book!" the bummer ejaculated, with a series of knowing winks. "You can't fool this old coon much, I tell yer! Your hand is Dick Velvet—now Velvet Hand—but I knew yer name was Richard something else, and then ag'in when Cherokee was to the fore, an' I reckon thar's a few men in this town that would tremble even now if somebody was to howl out that the Death Shot of Shasta war round, but I won't give it away; wild elephants couldn't tear the thing from me! I'm your man, I am, an' I jest come to you now to say fair and square, of so be as how you've got yer eyes on the Cinnabar mine, to let up, old man, an' g'in me a show fur my white alley!"

Velvet Hand had listened with astonishment to the latter part of this speech.

"What have you to do with the Cinnabar mine?" he asked.

"How so? I don't understand; you don't mean to say that you have any share in Del Colma's speculation?"

"Oh, no, not at all, but he's about played out, when he quits my pardner jumps in," Bowers explained. "You hear me, noble lord! it was all through me that this Californian came to invest in the mine at all. I knowed that it was a good thing, richer'n thunder if the right vein is ever struck ag'in, an' struck it will be one of these days, you kin bet yer boots on it! Well, thar was an old pard of mine, a high-toned chap, jest the cuss to work sich a thing, an' I-thinkin' that you were played for good as I sed afore—told him of the Cinnabar strike, an' he h'isted Del Colma in, fur he had the rocks to start things—"

"If I understand your plan correctly, you intend to 'h'ist' Del Colma out!" Velvet Hand abruptly interrupted.

"That is our little game; but, as I sed afore I had no idee that you were ever comin' to the fore ag'in, an' so, ole pard, I says to you, fair an' easy, let up, old man, if so be as you're goin' for the Cinnabar strike, an' lemme git my little rake outen it!" Bowers exclaimed, imploringly.

"I couldn't think of it," Velvet Hand replied, in his softest manner.

"No!" cried Bowers, in tragic accents.

"No, not by a jugful!"

"You're goin' to run the thing yourself?"

"That is what I intend to do; maybe I may not be able to make the ripple, though, the sharp suggested. "You can take a hand against me if you like; the game is an open one, you know."

"Me noble dook, I seek 'not sudden death!" Mr. Bowers exclaimed, loftily. "Oh, no buck ag'in' you, nary time, this chile will not, I draw out!"

"Are you for or against me?"

"For you, every time—unwonted gold you kin bet onto that!" the bummer responded, promptly. "I reckoned that, mebbe, you might not be willing to see the Cinnabar consarn tossed round like a football, an' I made up my mind to hev a talk with you afore I took another kick at it. I pass—count me out. Yer name is Velvet Hand—you bet; I never knowed you by any other, I savvy. Say, kin you trust me fur a dollar?"

The sharp silently placed a five-dollar gold-piece in his hand, and Mr. Bowers departed in high spirits. There was trouble ahead he was sure, and in troublous times he thrived.

CHAPTER XX.

THE CALIFORNIAN MEETS HIS MASTER.

VELVET HAND watched the bummer swagger off with a quiet smile.

"That fellow has been of use in the past and may be so in the future," he murmured in meditation. "So there is another party after the mine, eh! That is a bit of information worth knowing. It was cheap at five dollars, and who is it? Am I wresting the mine from the Californian that another may step in and enjoy it? Oh, no! whoever the party is he will find that when I shake it out of the hand of the Californian it will drop into my paw and I'll hold it with a grip of iron; neither man nor devil shall wrest it from me!"

But in the list of adversaries the iron-willed velvet sharp had not counted woman.

The figure of the Californian, striding up the street with a gloomy brow, interrupted Velvet Hand's meditation.

"Hallo! here comes my bird!" he muttered, "and out of sorts, too, if his face is any index to his mind. What brings him out so early? He is rarely abroad until after dark."

Del Colma marched straight up to Velvet Hand and the gamster noticed, to his astonishment, that his eyes were fairly flaming with anger.

He paid no attention to the friendly nod of the sharp, and it was quite plain that the Californian's errand was not a pleasant one.

"I want to speak with you a moment if you will have the kindness to follow me," Del Colma said, anger plainly visible in both face and voice.

"Lead on, sir, I am entirely at your service," the other replied, taking no notice whatever of the peculiar manner of the mine-owner.

Del Colma marched up the street, Velvet Hand following close at his heels, until they were fairly beyond the line of the town.

The gloom of the night was growing thicker and thicker, and yet there was still light enough for the two men to plainly distinguish each other's features.

The Californian looked carefully around him, saw that they were secure from observation and not likely to be interrupted, as they were some distance from the road.

"Now, then, sir, a few words with you!"

NEW YORK Saturday Journal HOME WEEKLY

Published every Monday morning at 9 o'clock.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 4, 1877.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canada Dominion. Parties unable to obtain it from a newsdealer, or those preferring to have the paper sent direct, by mail, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid:

One copy, four months - \$1.00
One year - 3.00
Two copies, one year - 5.00

In all orders for subscriptions be careful to give address in full—State, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, at the expiration of subscription. Subscriptions can start with any late number.

TAKE NOTICE.—In sending money for subscription, by mail, never inclose the currency, except in a registered letter. A Post Office Money Order is the best form of remittance. Losses by mail will be most surely avoided if these directions are followed.

Communications, subscriptions, and letters on business, should be addressed to
BEADLE & ADAMS, PUBLISHERS,
98 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

IN OUR NEXT!

The Inimitable Agile Penne's

Beautiful, Graphic and Exciting Romance of the Great City:

The Bouquet Girl;

OR,

HALF A MILLION DOLLARS.

Life in the Great City to the very life, in which

The Flower Girl of the Ferry.

A Celebrated Divorce Lawyer.

The "Queen of the Blondes,"

The Young Artist-Actor,

The Strange Lady of the Tenement,

The Confidence Count,

The "Queen's" Secret Agent,

are some of the character-cast to a most singular and absorbingly-interesting story, where, in women intrigue for love and men intrigue for lucre. Three trains of incident and three lines of actors, at first unrelated, become involved and lead to one denouement. The conflict of woman's

LOVES, HATES, PITY AND AMBITION,

and the art, maneuver and plotting of unscrupulous men schemers give the talented author fine vantage ground for his brilliant portraiture of men and women whom thousands of readers will recognize at once as noted characters in Metropolitan Stage, Society and Law-court circles. The story, therefore, is a "Mirror held up to Nature" which is quite likely to create a sensation.

Sunshine Papers.

Musketeers.

A SMALL subject, but—oh, my! If you think that are of enough account to fill a Sunshine Paper, how dreadfully unacquainted with them you must be! Why, do you know their merits? their accomplishments? their characteristics? their habits? their virtues? If not, you are not prepared to speak of them with disdain, nor to banish them from literary fame. Too long have these tiny creatures been ignored in both poetry and prose. It is quite time that some one should give them a place in print.

With the antecedents of the musketo, I will not weary you. By whose will the musketo first became a resident of this mundane sphere, is a subject concerning which I have my own theological belief, but the discussion of which I do not care to enter into, at present. The merits of the musketo are numerous. They send you in from the croquet-ground, when your excitement in the game causes you to forget that the "early dews are falling" and your dress and boots are excessively thin. They afford excellent excuses to young ladies for leaving that pretty nook in the rocks, or that mossy seat on a fallen tree, and joining the other pic-nickers just as the *tele-uteles* in which they were indulging with their attendant swains become a trifle too personal. They will not allow you to remain comfortably upon the piazza after the sun sets and malaria is in the air. They are always conveniently ready to bear the blame of naughty little imprecations that are made when some one steps on your slipped feet, or tears your muslin. They keep you awake at night, and so make you good-tempered in the morning. They are fond of the children.

And then, their accomplishments! Musketeers are light and graceful dancers; and tireless ones as well. Moreover, they are excellent indicators of the cardinal virtues; they help one to be persevering, patient, gentle, amiable, abhorrent of profanity. They have, also, a peculiarly accomplished way of beautifying the faces, hands and limbs of their friends. The baby wakes up with its face so charmingly tattooed; you look in your mirror and admire the deep color and improved size of your ears, the fashion in which one eye is closed, and the little lumps on your nasal organ.

Besides these varied and admirable accomplishments, musketeers are exquisite musicians. Who, that loves music, would willingly have these dear little songsters banished from his bedroom! How low, how sweet, how patently, how distinctly, they sing their little solos around the pillows of those they love!

The chief characteristics of these charming insects, are their extreme smallness, excessive fragility, remarkable power, wonderful vigilance, unparalleled wakefulness, and the intense democracy of their principles. Though so tiny and so delicate of stature, musketeers have great power over the acts, minds, manners, and morals of individuals, and can often produce in the hearts of the strongest men and women great emotion. They never sleep, but with beautiful devotion and untiring vigilance follow the golings and comings, and guard the slumbers of mortals. Nor do they put on aristocratic airs. They fully believe in a true democracy, and they visit alike the homes of the high and the haunts of the lowly.

In their habits, musketeers are very sociable. They enjoy plenty of human society, and they are playful. Did you ever try to grab a musketo in your hand but he flew in your very eyes, laughing at your failure? Did you ever hear several hundreds of them about your bed, and get up and light a lamp, and find any—even one—there? The playful little creatures are under the bedstead, dancing about the top of the ceiling, peeping at you from beneath the bureau—anywhere but where you can see them. But when you turn down the light, and creep back to your couch, they all come trooping, singing, laughing back, full of good nature and frolic at having gotten the best of you. You ought to enjoy the fun, too. Perhaps you do.

The musketo is the embodiment of several rare virtues. He is forgiving, friendly, and so happy of disposition that he always goes about singing. He is persevering. If he does not soothe you the first time he does not tire of trying and trying again. He is enterprising. Screens, nets, powder, smoke, penury will not keep him from roving where he will. He is patient. He will spend hours, yes, the whole night, endeavoring, with his little song, to hush one restless individual to sleep.

Oh! musketo, thou thing of many virtues, of many accomplishments, of many merits! I have sought to represent thee as thou art; to make men see how worthy a subject, in thee, I have found for my pen; to raise thee to that place on the ladder of fame that thy qualities should earn for thee; but I know full well the business of human nature, and because thou hast one little fault, for thy carnivorousness, men and housemaids will still go on sending thee to a hasty end, through the medium of a broom with a wet towel over it!

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

WOULD THEY?

I HAVE heard many people give utterance to the expression, "If I could but live my life over again, how different would I act," and I wondered, if they could have their wish, if they would act differently. I don't dispute the fact that they think they would, but my idea is that they wouldn't be much difference.

If the spendthrift could live his life over, would he be more saving and pay the "needful" for a rainy day? Would he patronize the savings bank and believe that a comfortable abode in one place was preferable to roving about here and there, and that the loved ones at home are better than bar-room companions? Would these vile calumniators who spread their scandal and slander broadcast make a better use of their time, tongue and pen, or would they still worry people into their graves before their time?

Would those who have gone astray and wandered into paths forbidden, pursue a more upright and noble life, and live for the elevation and not degradation of humanity? Would they count the cost before they decided to enter into a compact with Satan and barter away their souls for mere dross?

Would we speak more kindly to those who are around us, act less harshly toward our neighbor, and treat those with whom we come in contact as though we wanted to have them around us, and not desire to kick them out of the way and have done with them forever?

Would we be kinder to those who are nearing the last milestone of life, more patient with the fractious invalid whose pleasures are few and pains many?

Would John scold so much because the baby is cross and awake all night, depriving him of sleep? When he sees that little form carried to Greenwood cemetery, and knows that, never on earth, will he again see its features, will he not wish he had complained less and done more? Would not the cry of that babe, fretful as he thought it, be the sweetest music to his ears? Treasures are never valued so much as when lost.

Would fathers who have dissipated sons, be so strict as not to allow their children any pleasure at home, and cause them to seek it elsewhere, in disreputable company? Would others be too indulgent and let their offspring grow up like weeds? Would dissipated sons wander after strange and questionable pleasures if homes were more attractive? Would daughters spend half their time in frivolous amusement, if there was such a blessed thing to them as "home, sweet home"? Would sewing societies do more and talk less—find out the good in one's character and imitate it, instead of prying out the bad qualities of one's neighbor and commenting too harshly upon them?

Would we be so apt to berate certain professions and callings, and then ask them to help us out of our troubles with the very money we think they have earned in a manner of which we do not approve? Would we see that one can be as much respected in one profession as another, provided they earned their money honorably and behaved respectfully.

Would politicians fight as much for the public good as they do now for a good fat office? Would they be more conscientious and truth-telling? Would people be as willing to live for you as they pretend to be? Would they be as willing to cheer and comfort, and not refuse a slight favor, as they profess to be willing to "go through fire and water" to serve you?

These are wonderings which intrude themselves in many persons' thoughts at various times. If we could but live our lives over again! But, as we cannot, why not devote the remainder of our present life to carrying out the ideas as far as possible, which we think we would act upon? We cannot call the dead to life; we cannot undo the wrong done them; we cannot recall the mischief we have worked; but we can still live for something noble and true. Heaven knows there is enough for us all to do, and Heaven also knows how sadly we neglect the work assigned us.

Too late now, you think! It is never too late to turn over the new leaf!

EVE LAWLESS.

The world is good in its place. If kept within the heart, like the water outside of the ship, it may aid to bear us to the haven of eternal rest. But as the water, if allowed to come within the ship, soon fills and sinks it, so the world, if it gets into the heart, will be its ruin. To possess the world may not be injurious—to be possessed by it is destructive alike to character, to happiness and to the soul.

THERE is a sort of natural instinct or human dignity in the heart of man which steels his very nerves not to bend beneath the blow of an adversity. The palm tree grows best beneath a ponderous weight; even so the character of a man. There is no merit in it, it is a law of psychology. The petty pangs of small daily cares have often been the characters of men, but great misfortunes seldom. There is less danger in this than in great good luck.

Foolscap Papers.

Serving Turkey.

THE celebrity which I gained in our late misunderstanding in leading my men out of danger, caused the Sultan to send me an invitation (scented, with stamp inclosed) to come over and enter his service.

[I might add here that my extreme care of my men in avoiding personal peril has had a wonderful effect in raising volunteers. They all follow me—and would if I wasn't there.] I was made colonel of a regiment stationed on the Danube, with orders to allow no Russians to cross over, unless they had paid for their passage in advance and had tickets. I had untied several fresh papers of torpedoes to blow up their gunboats in case they came over without tickets.

The Danube lay between us, and I believe the troops on either side were glad of it. Neither side wanted to cross over it by tunneling under it. I was afraid lest some Russian idiotic general would dig a canal around to the rear of them, and turn Dan Ube into it, thus leaving themselves on our side; but they did not think of that.

The most remarkable part of the war was performed by myself and a squad of men. A Russian iron-clad lay opposite us. One dark night we rowed over in a skiff, unhitched the anchor, and towed the monitor over to our side. The garrison was below asleep, and the question was, what would we do with them? If they woke up we were gone. We began to nail the port-holes up to shut them in when they woke out of their slumbers. And we went. Such wending you never saw; but it was policy. They went back.

I set to work constructing an iron-clad on my own design. It was a powerful affair; the plates were of enormous thickness, and could not be penetrated by any rifled projectile. It was perfectly safe, and on that principle I worked. It cost the Turkish government two million dollars. It was a grand thing, never equaled. When ready to launch, the government inspectors came to see it. The first thing they asked was, where are the port-holes? Port-holes! I didn't intend to have any, from the fact that so much damage and loss of life is caused by port-holes; the enemy's balls come right into them, and play smash, and it is much safer without them, and with that monitor I could go right past a fort or a fleet.

"But," said they, "how in thunder are you going to shoot out of the blamed thing?" It hadn't occurred to me. I had been so interested in regard to the balls coming in, that I had entirely forgotten about the balls going out. Port-holes were ordered in and I went out.

We occasionally exchanged shots with a Russian fortress opposite (for whose name I beg to refer you to the latest war maps, as I have not time to write it), commanded by a general whose name I could only spell with a hop, skip and jump, double somersault, a chug in the back, and a look at the sun. In one day we shot a thousand—balls, and killed great quantities of—time.

My cavalry corps was in excellent condition, and the fact that the Russians could not cross the river, did not make them less brave; and I frequently received the thanks of His Sultanic Majesty for the splendid organization of my troops. I organized them with hand-organs.

We captured a boat with Russian supplies. They live on light diet—that is to say, on tallow candles, and of course they were left in the dark for food, a thing they could not make light of. The candles were old and somewhat moldy, but that does not make any difference to a Russian.

I was ordered to Kars, though we did not go there in cars, and in the first night charge, I lost two thousand men—they were captured. The youth took the name of his tutor, and it was policy to allow the Russians to capture our troops in large bodies, until they would eventually eat them out of house and home, and become numerous enough to take all Russia. They thought I was following out the plan well enough, but thought the plan would depopulate the army.

I then perfected an army musket, and manufactured them in great quantities. They were on the principle of the old muskets of my boyhood's days, or more so—regular kickers. When the troops, armed with these, got into battle, all they had to do was to aim the club ends of them at the enemy, and the muskets went a-whopping in their midst, causing much surprise and slaughter. The balls staid. You see by this, although there was some expense connected with the muskets, there was a great saving in the balls. The muskets were charged to go, and they went. I never got all the credit I deserved for this efficient invention.

I also invented a plan for disabling Russian batteries and rendering them useless in an engagement. It was to bore a large hole in each cannon, directly under the touch-hole, through which the force of the powder would expend, and no damage could then be done, and the capture of whole batteries would be an easy matter. I worked a good while to discover this plan, which was a good one, they said, but how was I to get a chance to put the holes in the guns? This hadn't struck me.

I led my troops out of a terrific battle one day in such fine style, that hardly a man was lost. Speed in all things is the example I always set before my men. I advocate celerity of movement.

One thing I have not been fully credited for, and that is I prevented more bloodshed when I was in command in Turkey than any other officer. They rather thought I prevented too much of it.

In a hard contest, when I saw the day was lost to me, my pulse stopped completely, but I had the satisfaction of being repulsed.

I had command of Kalafat, which the Russians desperately besieged, evidently under the impression that the name was a misprint for tallow fat; but I held out—my sword, and was paroled—one of my chief roles. But, as a general thing, it was observed that wherever my troops were there was peace. It was a little remarkable.

But I had taken a couple of pigs to raise at home, and the Sultan said he would relieve me of the rigors of war and pay my way home to tend to them. I sailed slowly home, but I left a name there which will long be remembered. I wish I had brought it along.

War-ranted yours,

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

A SHIP on the broad, boisterous and open ocean needeth no pilot. But it dare not venture alone on the placid bosom of a little river, lost it be wrecked on some hidden rock. Thus it is with life. 'Tis not in our open, exposed deeds that we need the still voice of the silent monitor, but in the small, secret, everyday acts of life, that conscience warns us to be aware of the hidden shoals of what we deem too common to be dangerous.

Topics of the Time.

—Large beds of coal have been discovered along the Yellowstone River. Hundreds of tons are in sight, like ore on the dump.

—Albion is 58; Ole Bull, 67; Von Bulow, 47; Jules Benedict, 72; Jenny Lind, 56; Gounod, 50; Pauline Lucca, 37; Nilsson, 34; Offenbach, 59; Sims Reeves, 56; Titiens, 43; Wagner, 64; Wieniawski, 42, and Vieuxtemps, 57.

—It is said that a large number of Western men, principally from Wisconsin, will seek homes in Florida this fall. The sale of public lands will attract numerous settlers, and the immigration business will be brisk.

—Macon, Ga., has an ice factory that manufactures 10,000 pounds of ice daily at a cost to consumers of one cent per pound. This is about the rate paid in Savannah, where there are two ice companies who get their supplies from the natural manufactory.

—Texas has fifty wheat-producing counties, one-fifth of which if fully cultivated, would produce 86,000,000 bushels of grain. It has also 69,130,000 cotton-yielding acres, which, if taxed to the extent of their productiveness, would yield 6,962,000 bales of cotton.

—The war in the East has doubled the price of canary bird seeds.

—The war in the East has become the theater of the war the supply has been cut off. The import of the seeds amounts to about 400 tons per annum. The little warblers will have to change their diet until the Eastern question is settled.

—The County Kilkenny, Ireland, has produced seven brothers, all of whom are over six feet in height, and all massively proportioned, without being corpulent. All of them have become zealous Roman Catholic priests, and are serving in various missions in both hemispheres. The tallest, David, is six feet four inches, and the least tall of them is six feet two inches.

—There are 21 colleges in the New England States. Maine has 4, with 455 students; New Hampshire 1, with 347; Vermont 3, with 172; Massachusetts 9, with 1,918; Rhode Island 1, with 230, and Connecticut 3, with 1,037, making a sum total of 4,139. Of all these colleges Harvard has the largest number (1,370) of students. There are 20 women students at Harvard in the summer schools of chemistry and botany, and 12 at Yale in the school of fine arts.

—The Angora goats from Asia have been introduced into Texas very largely within the last few years. One man now has about 1,000 crossed with the Mexican goat. The hair or wool is long, and will sell from seventy-five cents to a dollar a pound; the skin or hide makes the morocco leather and kid glove; the goat is the best in the world; and the meat of the young is tender and toothsome. On the whole, the goat business in Texas and Mexico promises to be a great feature of their future.

—The birthday of the Prophet was celebrated at Cairo this year with the traditional passage of the mounted innumerable bodies of the faithful. These were mainly from the lowest classes—camel and donkey drivers, grooms, etc.—and numbered some three hundred, over whose prostrate forms the innumerable rode for a quarter of an hour. There were the usual casualties, broken arms and ribs and fractured skulls, while some fifteen of the fanatics have already died, or are likely to do so.

—In Cache Valley, Utah, they have a novel way of catching the grasshoppers. Covered wagons are placed on farms where the hoppers are the thickest, and each wagon is made the temporary coop of a large flock of chickens, which, during the day, are let loose and pick up the jumping insects by the millions. At night the chickens are locked in the wagon, and are driven to other portions of the farm, let loose again in the morning, and continue daily their destruction of the hoppers.

—General Ord, now in command of the United States troops on the Rio Grande, is a grandson of George IV. and the actress Mrs. Fitzherbert, to whom he was married by a Catholic priest, while prince regent. The consent of parliament had not been given, and the marriage was illegal in English laws. A son was born by this union, and consigned to the care of a tutor named Ord, who emigrated with him to this country. The youth took the name of his tutor, and married a Virginia or Maryland lady, by whom he had two sons, Atlanticus and Pacificus. The first was sent to West Point, and is the general on the Rio Grande. The second became a lawyer in New Orleans, and emigrated to California twenty-five years ago, where he is a judge.

—The Fort Worth Democrat gives us this picture of a Comanche warrior's war rig: "We inspected the warring outfit of a Comanche Indian yesterday, killed three hundred miles west of Jacksboro on the staked plains by a company of United States colored troops. The Comanche warrior took the name of his tutor, and married a Virginia or Maryland lady, by whom he had two sons, Atlanticus and Pacificus. The first was sent to West Point, and is the general on the Rio Grande. The second became a lawyer in New Orleans, and emigrated to California twenty-five years ago, where he is a judge."

—A California millionaire, whose daughter will shortly marry a French count, is to pay the groom \$100,000 cash down, before the ceremony takes place, that being the price demanded by the condescending foreigner for consenting to share his title with an American-born young woman. The figure seems high, but the investment may not prove to be such a bad speculation after all. A good many of these European counts turn out to be very clever cooks or stylish hairdressers, and should the ambitious papa's mine incontinently peter out, or he get swamped at the stock board, a first-class foreign artist in victrols or hair will be found handy to have about the house. Such fellows command fabulous salaries in San Francisco when times are flush, and they are always willing to set about it. They are a little too much given to beating their wives, however. With the day of adversity comes, to make desirable sons-in-law as a general rule.

—During the past spring the United States Fish Commission, and the Maryland Fish Commissioners, hatched out about 9,000,000 young shad in the Susquehanna river at Havre de Grace, over 1,000,000 of which have already been distributed in Western and Southern waters, and about 1,000,000 are now en route to California for the waters of that State. The young shad, thus far, have been sent to Louisiana, Mississippi, Georgia, South Carolina, Kansas, and Missouri, and more will be distributed within the next two weeks. Active preparations are also being made for the distribution of a large number of salmon-eggs and young salmon throughout the country next fall. Over 5,000,000 eggs and young salmon were distributed to the various States last fall, and a larger number will be sent out this season. The principal salmon-hatching establishment is on the MacLeod river, in California, the species of salmon found in those waters being suitable for Eastern rivers like the Susquehanna, Delaware, Potomac, and Cape Fear. A large number of salmon-eggs will be sent to North Carolina this fall to stock the Cape Fear river. The Fish Commissioners of that State have shown great interest in fish-culture, and suitable hatching-houses have been erected by them at several places to facilitate the propagation of food-fishes.

Readers and Contributors.

Declined: "Love's Strategy"; "Violet Rosemore"; "The Coquette"; "The Way of It"; "The Wreck"; "Uncle Mip's Reverie"; "Lulla"; "Our Saviour's Birth."

Accepted: "Remorse"; "Gone"; "Pearl Lilies"; "The True Test"; "A Gun at Night"; "What She Won"; "Bonny Louise"; "The Well-kept Secret"; "The Price of the King"; "What is Sweeter"; "Yes, It Is"; "Entre Nous."

W. R. Have written by mail. Do not wish to see the MS.

AL. H. Can't say whether or not "Wild Bill" (Wm. Hickox) ever was married.

FRANCIS BOYS. Mr. Aiken is writing for the SATURDAY JOURNAL and will continue to do so. His best work always has been ours.

TRAPPER TOM. We publish only such books as we accept and pay for as manuscripts. We do not care to consider the work you refer to.

VIOLA. We are not in want of the matter you suggest. If you published three weeklies instead of one we could not use all the good things offered.

CONA MAY. Answered your question in late issue. Also, this is excellent: One drop of brandy to eight of water and muriatic acid enough to be just perceptibly sour to the taste. Touch the freckles with this.

WM. L. Poem has several good verses but is too unfinished and too lame in some of its lines for publication. Your taste is yet to be schooled and trained, as well as your skill in rhythmic composition.

A. P. Borax and coppers are excellent disinfectants. Sprinkle freely in the sink, drain and closet-vault. They are odorless, harmless, better than chloride of lime, which is very offensive to some people.

IRON FIST. Your handwriting is only passable—lacks uniformity, which is very essential to good penmanship. You should study up the proper use of capital letters and in punctuation. Answer to other queries next week.

R. B. M. The recipe for whooping-cough we cannot now put up. A slight spell of whooping-cough will relieve the cough spasm. The cough must have passed away before this reaches you.

ABDREDO. The Khedive of Egypt, the Emperor of Morocco, the Days of the Sultan of Turkey, all are subjects of the Sultan of Turkey and pay him heavy tribute. Palestine is governed by a governor named by the sultan, as also are the several provinces of Asia Minor.

ALICE. St. Louis, Mo. Never answer advertisements for correspondents. Only harm can come of it. You certainly would not wish your name used commonly in the mouth of any rough rowdy; and your correspondent would be quite likely to turn out a person whom you would not care to claim as an associate.

D. C. M. B. The "Floating College" project originated, we believe, in Michigan University (Ann Arbor, Mich.). Address Commander Thos. S. Phelps, care Secretary Mich. University. The idea is a two-year voyage around the world, with a fine corps of teachers. The cost will be, it is stated, about \$2,000 for each student.

MARY J. writes: "If a lady who has some property in mind she lose control of her property, or if she earns money after her marriage is she legally free to make such use of it as she chooses?" A married woman can make just the same disposal of all money that comes to her, other than by her husband, as a single woman. The husband has no control over his wife's own property or earnings.

M. See Accepted list. Favors are solicited. Happy to have you "contribute." No telling what you can do. Make up your mind to succeed at any sacrifice and don't be discouraged at failures. Your father can't hold out any more. Indifference and your happiness is assured—a consummation worth all endeavor. Dreams often-times have singular confirmation, especially yours. You try to make them come true. We wish you all success.

ZEB. All brown sugar is infested with the itebug, said to be almost identical with the *acarus scabiei*. It is this creature which causes the itching known as the "Grocer's Itch"—coming from the sugar barrel. Never use brown sugar. It is filthy and loaded with repulsive vermin. The best is the best. Muscovado or Orleans is very disgusting when put under the microscope. Always buy the clarified sugars and molasses; they are *cheapest*, and comparatively free from foreign matter.

OSCAR SAYS: "If I take part in a parlor play, and my role requires me to kiss a lady actor, whom I am supposed to love, ought I to really kiss her or only 'make believe'?" When you are in a parlor play, (takes, and whatever part you play, your chief aim should be to act as naturally, as true to life, as possible; and, though you may not get your money, you should certainly, calmly and naturally, fully carry out the requirements of your part in the play.

COLUMBIA PRESSMAN. The speaker or chairman of the old Continental Congress was elected by the Congress at each session. He was "President of the United States" by virtue of being its chief executive officer, but was not a President of the people. No election by the people took place under the old "Confederation"—not until the present Constitution formed the more perfect government, and named the powers of the Executive and Congress, (1789). There were fourteen "Presidents of Congress" during the period of Confederation, 1774-1789.

MISS B. B. A sweet breath is certainly a great desideratum. Bad breath is due usually to ill health, decaying teeth or a dirty mouth. A very excellent mixture for the purpose is: Cloves, 12 grains; cinnamon, 40 grains; ginger, 3 drachms; spirits of wine, 1 pint; oil of orange-peel, 2 drops; other essences, 3 drops; essence of peppermint, 5 drachms. These are to be mixed and allowed to soak for a fortnight. Then the liquor is to be filtered off for use. A small quantity of the essence of rose-leaf, mixed with as much water as is necessary. Always keep the teeth clean—using the tooth-brush at least twice or thrice a day.

MARY. Toilet-cushions are stuffed very full, and are not made flat. They are finished with a very full, fine quilting of well satin ribbon, sewed on by one edge so as to stand out stiffly, as around a chaise longue cushion, and they ribbon bow at the corners are added. For traveling you will find a dress made of dark blue, green, brown, or of black, the most desirable, and they ribbon bow at the corners which flags are made. It does not retain dust, does not wash easily, and is not injured by water. It is largely manufactured in all dark, and so up the most delicate shades—made muslin—made muslin. There is no prettier adornment for young ladies, in summer, than a free and artistic use of flowers.

W. and L. Monograms and initials on paper are becoming passé. Plain printed sheets and nearly square envelopes are "the style."—Quite right to show each other your correspondence. Confidence in intimacy between correspondents is a thing of mutual interest and happiness.—If, in going out evenings, a gentleman friend is met it is quite proper for him to become the sister's escort, but he should see that he is not only guided and counseled by a congenial company.—Any pleasure or good thing can be enjoyed to excess. Take nothing to satiety. Your happiness need not be sacrificed to the world, and with a wise moderation.—Very few women can earn, at the machine, more than ten or eleven dollars per week. Many women clerks serve for six and seven dollars per week.

IDA L. Summit. You are entirely in the wrong; and if you wish to retain your husband's love and have a happy home you must consult his wishes and make him your only earthly guide and counselor. No man who loves devotedly and has a spark of spirit will bear to have his wife treat him as of secondary importance in her life and be guided entirely by the wishes of her mother. No matter how good and kind "she was," when you married you promised, concerning your husband, to forsake all others and cleave unto him as long as ye both should live. He should, now, be the most important consideration in your life. You should consult his tastes, be guided by his advice, and make him your chief confidant. Unless you follow this course your dissensions will increase and your married life be most unhappy.

ED. S. B. Burlington, asks: "Why is the President's house, at Washington, called the 'White House'?" It is built of wood? What is the nickname of Washington? Do all cities have a nickname? If so, what is New York's? And what is Brooklyn's? Who is Puck? The President's house was, originally, the color of the stone of which it was built—gray. In 1814, when it was known as "the War of 1812," it was set on fire by the British; the stone walls were so discolored by smoke that, when repaired, they were painted white, and it became known as the "White House."

—It was built of sand-stone.—Washington is called the "Federal City" and "City of Magnificent Distances"; the latter name is in reference to the great breadth of its streets and avenues.—Most of our large and prominent cities have a "nickname." New York is popularly known as "Gotham," and Brooklyn is the "City of Churches." There is a "Monumental City," "Crescent City," "City of the Golden

CHAPTER XXVI.
CONFESSION.

The next morning Dr. Tremaine began the search for Jane Bell.

It was poor Dick's only chance for life and liberty—the finding of this wretched, forlorn creature. It seemed very hard, but then the innocent must not suffer for the guilty.

It was a wild, wet morning, the rain beating against the casements, the wind howling fearfully among the great trees surrounding the house.

Dr. Tremaine cared little for the inclemency of the weather. With a great cloak tucked securely about him, he sallied forth, taking a short cut to the glade where the murder had been committed.

He had somewhere read or heard of the singular mania that induces some murderers to haunt the scene of their crime, and had set out with this forlorn hope in his mind.

His brain was busy. He thought over the story Dick had told him the day before, from beginning to end. Strange suspicions came to him as he did so. Was Mrs. Heathcliff mixed up in this affair? If so, to what extent? Was it she who had induced Lasalle to play such a treacherous part to Dick?

He would have given much for the power to solve this mystery. But it was impenetrable. He scarcely knew why he had dreamed of connecting Mrs. Heathcliff with it in any manner, except her eagerness for Dick's arrest, for he could no longer doubt but that she had really been at the window that night when Rachel thought she saw her.

Though his brain was burdened with all this mystery, he walked firmly on, through marsh and mud and mire, the wind wailing in his ears, and the rain splashing all about him on the leaves and grasses.

He reached the glade. A poor, forlorn creature sat crouching underneath the tree in the middle. He caught a glimpse of a dirty, mud-bespattered gown, and straggling gray locks falling over a pair of crooked shoulders, then went softly up and stood beside the pitiful figure.

"My poor woman," he said, gently.

At the sound of his voice she started up wildly, and sought to fly. But her limbs refused to support her. She tottered, and fell back moaning into his outstretched arms.

"I know you," she cried, shrilly. "Blood, blood, blood! It has found voice at last, as I knew it would. It rises up from the ground and screams for vengeance. You have heard it, and are come to take me away with you."

She was drenched to the skin; her face ashy pale; her eyes wild and bloodshot. They turned upon Dr. Tremaine with a truly maniacal glare.

"Poor creature," he said, "do not look at me like that. I have no wish to harm you."

"What?" she cried. "You didn't come to hang me! I know better. Isn't it written, 'an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth'? And doesn't it mean, too, a life for a life?" She laughed at her own cunning, a low, harsh, terrible laugh.

"Yes," he answered. "But it is also written, 'love your enemies!'"

A sudden change swept over her face. She dropped it into her hands, and began rocking her body violently to and fro, for she had released herself from Dr. Tremaine's arms, and was sitting on the damp ground again.

"I told him I would do it," she murmured, as if talking to herself. "I loved him, but I told him I would do it. I should have died myself. If another had taken my place and borne the name that was rightfully mine. And so I killed him. Yes, I killed him!" she cried, in loud, startling tones, lifting her ashy face once more. "He stood yonder, where those daisies are trampled down, and I shot him dead at my feet! I killed him—I killed him! God forgive me—I killed him!"

She flung up her arms wildly, shrieking out the last words in a perfect frenzy.

"Hush," said Dr. Tremaine, soothingly. "You must not excite yourself."

"I killed him," she repeated, over and over again. "It was the only way to make him mine in this world and the next."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 378.)

A FEATHER.

"Drop me a feather out of the blue,
Bird flying up the sun;
Higher and higher the skylark flew,
But dropped he never a one."

"Only a feather I ask of thee,
Fresh from the parer air;
Upward the lark flew bold and free
To heaven, and vanished there."

"Only the sound of a rapturous song
Throbbed in the tremulous light;
Only a voice could linger long
At such a wondrous sight."

"Drop me a feather!" but while I cry,
Lo! like a vision fair,
The bird from the heart of the glowing sky
Sinks through the joyous air."

Downward sinking and singing alone,
But the song which was glad above
Taken over a deeper and deeper tone,
For it trembles with earthly love."

And the feather I asked from the boundless
Heaven
Were a gift of little worth;
For, oh! what boon by the dark is given
When he brings all heaven to earth!"

Detective Dick;

OR,

THE HERO IN RAGS.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

AUTHOR OF "WILLFUL WILL," "NOBODY'S BOY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

WE have seen the parlor of Mr. Andrews' residence, on the occasion of Mr. Williamson's somewhat curt dismissal. We will now betake ourselves to the sitting-room of the same mansion.

It is an elegantly appointed apartment, furnished in the richest taste. Several valuable pictures adorn the walls, and about the room are scattered costly articles of ornament. It has altogether that home-like aspect of a room whose adornment has grown out of the needs and tastes of its inmates.

A deep bay window occupies the lower end of the room. Here, seated in an easy-chair, her feet resting on a tall footstool, reclines a matronly lady. She has once been very pretty, and still wears much of her good looks, though age has broadened the lines of her face, and added a decided look of worldly wisdom.

Opposite her sits, in a small chair, her arm resting on the sill of the open window, a young lady, whose beautiful face seems a spiritual copy of that of the matron. They are really mother and daughter—Mrs. Andrews and her daughter Helen.

Mrs. Andrews plays leisurely with her fan, for the day is warm for mid-April, and the sun bathes the face of the window in fervent light.

"Then you did as I wished?" remarked the mother. "You simply dismissed him, without entering into reasons or arguments?"

"Yes, mother," with a weary expression; "And I was never so thoroughly disgusted with myself in my life before."

"Why so? The dismissal of a music-teacher is not such a vital matter."

"I don't know," returned Helen, with a quick movement of impatience. "I mismanaged it, I suppose. I know I must have made it look as if I had some personal objection to him. He seemed much hurt."

"Oh, that matters very little," replied Mrs. Andrews. "That will easily mend; he can cure his wounds with a new scholar."

"I am afraid a host of new scholars will not have that effect," and Helen rested her head wearily on the window-sill.

The sunlight struck her soft brown hair, and played about it like an aureole of brightness. The mother dropped her fan to look admiringly at her.

"Do you know, Helen, that you are growing more and more beautiful?" she said, with the air of an artist. "I wish that sunlight effect could only be made perpetual."

Helen drew herself back with a vexed movement. The loosened hair flowed in a wave over her forehead, with a gleam as if it had imprisoned some of the sunlight.

"You cannot help looking beautiful, my dear," added her mother. "But those impetuous movements are never very graceful."

"Forgive me," murmured Helen; "I did not mean to annoy you. But I cannot help feeling troubled and out of sorts with myself just now."

"I fear your music-lessons were allowed to go on even too long," averred Mrs. Andrews, using her fan rapidly.

"Why so? No one can object to him as a teacher."

"You have been growing entirely too much interested in him. Such a person should be considered as a teacher only—nothing more. I would not have my daughter stoop to waste a second thought on any one so far below her in station."

"He is a gentleman," declared Helen, proudly. "I fear I have not always impressed him as a lady."

"This is ridiculous, child. As if it was of the least importance what he chose to think I am glad that your connection with him has been broken off. A man not only of the lower classes, but seemingly without known father or mother."

"Who told you that?" demanded Helen, with a quick flush upon her face. "That is the reason, then, that I had to give him up? But I know who told you."

There was a glitter in the young lady's eyes, and her lips were closely set.

"It does not matter who told me," answered her mother, with dignity. "The only question is as to its truth."

"Excuse me, mother; that is not the question at all. I do not court social disgrace—nor do I fear it, if justice and the opinions of society come in conflict. The real question is as to the spite which has thus thought to injure a deserving young man, by what may be an infamous lie."

"My dear, I am surprised that you should permit yourself to become excited," said Mrs. Andrews, nestling more cosily in her chair, and waving the fan with a long, indolent sweep. "There's nothing more plebeian; and I really object to any animated discussion on the subject of a mere music teacher."

"A mere man!" retorted Helen, with some sarcasm. "Yet it is not he who excited me, but our blue-blooded Mr. Williamson. The essence of gentility that runs in the veins of our social nobility should certainly not be tainted with such low voices as lying and spitefulness."

"If it is the truth I can see no crime in telling it," decided Mrs. Andrews, a little roused.

"Truth may be made a vice if told with a spiteful purpose."

"You cling to that word spite, Helen. What possible spite can Mr. Williamson bear against this man?"

A slight flush came to Helen's cheek, as she turned her head partly away, as if to look out of the window. She made no answer for a minute, the mother's eyes resting curiously on her ingenuous face.

"Whatever his reasons, the fact remains," responded Helen, with an excited accent. "And I despise him for it. It matters nothing to me if one has the entire to the best society, and the other not. Whatever fortune may have done for them, the fact remains that Mr. Spencer has been born a gentleman, and Mr. Williamson not."

"You are assuming too much now, Helen."

"I am assuming nothing. Suppose it all be true that Williamson says—nay, all that he implies—even then the stubborn fact remains that his base gossip lowers him far more than his birth can possibly lower Mr. Spencer. All that cant of the invisible virtue of aristocratic birth is dying out in modern society. Men are learning to take their neighbors for what they are, not what some absurd social code declares them."

The young lady's voice was a little warm, and she spoke with much energy of accent.

"Well, you are improving, Helen," declared her mother, sarcastically. "I think it was high time that I changed your associations. Yet people generally, even in these democratic days, would hardly care to mix with gentlemen born out of lawful wedlock—people in our set, I mean."

"I fear that if people in our set knew all, they would be still less inclined to associate with Mr. Spencer."

As she spoke, Helen had risen, and stood, resting one hand on the chair back, her face and the whole pose of her body seeming full of indignant scorn of the verdict of "our set."

Mrs. Andrews lifted her long lashes, indolently, and rested her eyes for a moment in admiration upon the graceful pose of her daughter, full of an unconscious charm that would have stirred the soul of an artist to its depths.

"Knew all?"

"Yes," somewhat curtly.

"There is more, then, to know?"

"Suppose I tell you," and now Helen spoke quickly, and with repressed excitement, "that this young man has shined beyond redemption—in making an unscrupulous enemy."

"What can you mean?" was the indolent answer.

"I mean that Harry Spencer has been arrested—this very day—in my presence. Arrested for no less a crime than being an accomplice of counterfeiters. The proof was found in his house."

"Why, girl, you take my breath!" exclaimed Mrs. Andrews, starting up from her reclining posture.

"It is all true."

"And you still defend him? Did you expect anything better from one of his sort?"

"I still defend him!" answered Helen, seeming to gain the calmness which her mother had lost. "I believe—I know that he is innocent. Therefore I defend him. Justice shall be done. He shall be freed from this false charge. And he loses nothing, in my estimation, because he is accused of a crime which he never committed."

"The proofs found in his own house? What evidence is your girlish belief against that? You are letting a childish imagination run away with you now, Helen."

"I know he is the victim of some base plot! I shall never desert him while I believe him innocent!"

"Do you remember about whom you are talking, Helen, or the character of his relations with you?" asked her mother, with much dignity of manner. "This is only your music-teacher; not your friend and associate. And he seems to have effectually put a bar to any further lessons—unless, indeed, you should desire to take them in his prison cell." Her voice had grown very sarcastic.

"There will be no need of that," Helen returned, quietly.

"And why not? I think he will hardly get bail on such a charge."

"There are strong circumstances in his favor, mother. I am satisfied that the judge will accept bail for him."

"It must be some heavy amount, then. And who is his wealthy friend who will risk much on his honesty?"

"The friend is found. I have directed Mr. Widdin to see that he obtains bail, on the security of my private inheritance."

"Why, child, are you mad?" cried Mrs. Andrews, hotly. "But this is ridiculous. A woman cannot go bail."

"I think my offer, with power of attorney in Mr. Widdin's hands, will be accepted," replied Helen. "I think, indeed, that Mr. Spencer is already free. I have no fears of his avoiding a trial."

"But for you to take such an action! Without consulting me or your father!" exclaimed the excited and agitated woman.

"Excuse me, mother, I did consult with father. He quite agreed with me. I had no time to see you. And I knew, of course, that you would not agree to what I had determined on doing."

"It was just like your father!" cried Mrs. Andrews, turning her tide of anger from her resolute daughter to the absent husband. "He is full of all sorts of radical and nonsensical ideas, and he has infected you with the same plebeian proclivities."

Mrs. Andrews hurried from the room, not daring to trust herself further under her angry excitement.

"I knew there must be a scene with mother," murmured Helen, sadly. "I am glad the worst of it is over."

CHAPTER XII.

A WATER-RAT.

BUT what of Dick, whom we left clinging to the rudder-posts of the yacht Molly?

The boy was very quick of hearing, and his acute senses were strained to not miss a word of the important conversation which he hoped to overhear. Yet for the first five minutes the voices of two men in the cabin were pitched in too low a key for him to catch a connected sentence.

Shifting his position so as to get his right foot on one of the rudder-irons, Dick gained a more comfortable location, and one that brought his ear nearer to the open window.

The voices of the two men, also, grew unconsciously louder as they proceeded with their conversation, Turner's half-tipsy condition interfering with his natural cautiousness.

"Struck his fancy from the start; I could see that," he said, decidedly. "I don't think it was so much the money—though there's mighty few men to whom a pile ain't an object."

"What was it, then?" spoke the deeper tones of Mr. Williamson.

"The mystery. You see, he's been troubled at heart about who his father and mother were. Had a fear of something disgraceful, too. Why, as soon as I broached the matter, his eyes lit up like two stars on a dark sky."

"We will dispense with the poetical part of the subject," put in Mr. Williamson, coldly. "Did you let out anything about the location of the property, or the residence or condition of his parents?"

"Certainly," told the city they lived in, and all that."

"I should be very little surprised if you did. Especially if you let anybody pour liquor into you, as to-day."

"Told him they lived in New Orleans, and were French creoles," protested Turner. "Guess that's far enough off the track. Told him it was out of the question to say a word more till I was sure he was the son."

"And asked him for remembrances of his infancy? And relics, if he had any?" inquired Williamson.

"Now it's comin'," thought Dick. "If I miss a word now, I'd just better let go my holt, and draw myself for an idyl. Never seed anything so well primed as I've got them."

His face broadened with a silent laughter that was full of intense enjoyment of the situation.

"He let it out freely enough," replied Turner. "Didn't seem to smell a mouse anywhere. He remembers well a large stone house, with extensive grounds around it. It was neither city nor country, for there were numbers of houses near, with broad pleasure-grounds around each."

"What was the house like?"

"That he could not well describe. It was something of the old-fashioned style, with stone outbuildings."

"Just so," thought Dick, noting these details in his memory. "Dig in, my cove. I'm a-takin' it in."

"Had he any further recollections?"

"Yes. Of a beautiful lady, dressed in blue silk, and wearing a very bright stone in her collar. There was also a tall, handsome gentleman, who fondled and made much of him."

"That's down, brick-top," was Dick's mental comment. "Slide ahead."

"Anything more?"

"Nothing that he could recall. His next recollection is of being very roughly used, and forced to beg on the streets in company with an old crone, who beat him when he failed to bring home money."

"It will be important to learn the name and residence of that crone," asserted Williamson. "Also her description. Did he have any remembrance of this being in Boston?"

"No. The woman must have brought him on to Philadelphia. She probably stole the child for the sake of his fine clothes, and with the purpose of aiding her in her begging operations, and came to Philadelphia to avoid detection."

"Any fool might see that," muttered Dick.

"Bosting, though. Won't do to forget Bosting."

"And now as to relics of his childhood," suggested Williamson. "These will be most important."

"Sartain sure they will," thought Dick. "Pile in, redhead; let's have your relics."

"His clothes were probably all sold by the crone who stole him," Turner went on. "All he had left belonging to his youth is a bronze medal, and a curiously-knit chain attached to it. This he remembers to have had in his childhood."

"Good! We must have that medal."

"I expect to see him again," declared Turner. "You know of his being arrested on a charge of counterfeiting, and that the alderman has put him under heavy bail?"

"He should have put him in prison," declared Williamson, harshly. "He must have been a fool to accept bail on such a charge. You must see Spencer at once, and try and learn where he keeps the medal and chain."

"I will hunt him up to-day. But understand, I cannot do any pickpocket or burglar work."

"You can't!" thought the listener. "You're mean enough to steal green persimmons and sell them for apricots."

"Get it from him by any lie you can manufacture. If he won't take, find where he keeps it. I am bound to have the Milton estate, and won't be stopped by any slight difficulty."

"Going to play the lost heir?" asked Turner. "His recollections will be of no use if somebody else has them in advance of him. Probe him again on that subject; he may recall some new points. And the medal will clinch the business. The old woman who stole him will swear black is white if I instruct her to."

"I see," confessed Turner. "You're a blamed shrewd one. The old lady Milton will swallow it all as easy as a cat swallows milk. What a precious son you will make!"

"If I said Williamson, quickly. "No, no, my paternity is too well known. I have my man, though."

"Well, it will soon be no secret. Captain Parker is the man."

"Well, if I ain't holed a precious pair of rascals then whitewash me, that's all!" Dick had to admit, to himself. "Got that whole biz mapped out. But, they're mighty shy of the counterfeit biz. Bricktop talks as if he weren't in that ring."

Dick's position by this time had grown unbearably unpleasant. He shifted his feet and tried to make himself more comfortable. In doing so his hands slipped, and—the parties in the cabin were suddenly startled by a heavy splash in the water.

Turner ran to the cabin window and looked out. There was nothing visible, though a circle of wave-rings was spreading in the water from the rudder post outward. Williamson, alarmed lest their conversation should have been overheard, ran on deck and looked warily into the water all around the boat. But there was no object to be seen, and the ring of wavelets was rapidly dying out.

"It is strange," he said. "Something must have fallen from the wharf. Though I cannot see how."

"It must have been a fish jumped," suggested Turner, appearing on deck.

"Fish of that size don't swim in the docks," said Williamson, incredulously. "But whatever it is it has gone to the bottom, so we need not care much. Attend to that matter instantly, Turner, and report to me at once. And mind, let us have no more tipping while this affair is in hand."

"I don't think any fresh water sailor, or salt water either, for that matter, will make a fool of me again easily."

"Don't forget that," said Williamson, as he left the vessel, and walked briskly up the wharf.

"That splash was blamed queer," growled Turner, looking again reflectively into the water.

He shook his head doubtfully as he turned and went below.

At the same moment, from behind a small coasting smack that occupied the opposite side of the dock, there appeared a grinning boy's face, washed clean of the dirt it had lately gathered while rooting behind the post.

"It's just the biggest fish you ever seed," said the boy, with a hearty laugh. "Ought to fling your line over. Mought have cotched him. Bless your eyes, Williamson, there ain't a fish in the Delaware kin swim under water better nor Dick Darling."

Dick crawled up the wharf and stood in the sunlight on the top of the wharf log, the water dripping from him as from a drowned rat.

"Reckon I've giv my new clothes a season-in," he said, trying to squeeze some of the superabundant water out of them. "Don't kee how soon it rains now. Can't spile my fixin's."

He got out of that locality, and laid himself out in the sun to dry in a board yard far distant, removing and spreading out his outer garments till there was little left but his bare skin for the sun to act on.

But, we must leap over a space of time, and present Dick, thoroughly dried, renovated, and remarkably well washed—for him, in a different locality.

It is near the evening of the same day, and in the region of Fourth and Walnut, that we again take up our water-rat, lounging about with his eyes turned toward the door of the building containing Mr. Williamson's office.

An express wagon, loaded with goods, stops in front of the door, and Dick hurries over to that side of the street.

The expressman fumbles awhile among his parcels, and then takes out a small, oblong package.

"Here, boy, hold this a minute," he calls to Dick, handing him the package, while he extricates himself from his constrained position.

Dick takes instant opportunity to read its address:

"ANDREW WILLIAMSON,
Fourth and Walnut Sts., Philadelphia."

On the opposite side was the broad card of the Adams Express Co., dated at Chester, Pa., the previous day.

"That will do, my lad," said the expressman, cheerily, as he took the package. "Ask me for a sugar plum the next time you see me."

"If you only knowed what a sugar plum you'd giv me now!" thought Dick, as he walked easily away. "Guess I've done my day's work."

But his day's work was not yet performed. He had not gone any great distance on his homeward journey ere he formed a new resolution.

"Allers best to strike while the iron's hot," he declared. "Don't do to leave bizness like this open if you don't want it to spile. Guess I'd best go see my detectives and sort out some work for them."

Dick laughed silently as a comical thought occurred to him.

"Bet there ain't many customers in these diggin's keeps as fine a pack of private detec-

tives as Dick Darling. And the beauty of it is, they think they're using me. That's the gayest sell out."

He continued his silent enjoyment of the thought as he made his way toward the domicile of Ned Hogan.

"I'll giv Hogan the Chester job, 's long as he's got a look-out there. The other chaps kin work the Bosting lay. Guess that's a fair divide of the 'sponsibility. Gettin' too much work on my shoulders for one boy to put through without help."

He found Hogan at home, seated behind his everlasting meerschaum, which he was wasting his life in efforts to color. At least his persistent application seemed to indicate that as his object.

"Got five minutes for you," announced Dick, with an air of great importance, as he deposited himself in the nearest chair. "Want you to write a letter in double quick."

"Sartain!" assented Hogan, enjoying what seemed to strike him as a good joke. "What is it to be? Propel."

He drew pen, ink and paper from the drawer of his desk.

"

"Then you are a married woman?"
"I was," she answered, with a sigh.
"I presume, then, your husband is dead."
"In one sense of the word he is."
"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Zane, puzzled by the woman's answer.
"He no longer loves me," she spoke flippantly.
"Where is he now?"
"I know not. He left here a few minutes ago."
"Whom do you mean?" exclaimed Mrs. Zane.
"Randolph Spencer!" was the startling answer.
A cry of surprise burst from Mrs. Zane's lips.
"Woman! you are uttering a falsehood!" she cried.

"I speak the truth," Randolph Spencer is my lawful husband, and yet he would marry that innocent child," said the squaw, pointing to Ida, while her eyes fairly blazed with the fire of pent-up emotions; "we were concealed under some drooping willows in our canoe when her young lover left her yesterday. We heard Randolph Spencer come to her and abuse her for permitting her gallant boy-lover to kiss her."

"Oh, my God!" cried Mrs. Zane, wringing her hands in grief, "when will my troubles be over?"
"You, too, then, have had a life of trouble?" the Indian woman said, inquiringly.
"Yes, yes, it is woman's lot to suffer."

"It seems so," replied Manelab; "years ago mine began when I was young and light-hearted as your pretty daughter. I was forced to marry Spencer by a cruel, selfish guardian who thought more of gold than human happiness. I soon hated Spencer with all the intensity of my soul, because I loved another. And Spencer, soon tiring of me, deserted me; and then I was almost alone in the cold, cruel world which held but little sympathy for the discarded wife. But, thank God, I had a kind and loving brother who took me to his far-off frontier home, and there I lived for years in seclusion and quietude. Were his desertion of me the only crime of which he was guilty I could easily forgive him, because I knew I could not be what a wife should be to him, and at the same time love another."

"Then he has other crimes resting upon his soul?" said Mrs. Zane.
"I believe, although I am not certain, that the curse of Cain rests upon his soul. He had a half-brother named Randolph Spencer—his own name being Henry Mount. These brothers favored each other so closely that one was often mistaken for the other. Many times have I heard Henry Mount, my husband, make the remark that if Randolph should suddenly disappear he could pass himself as the missing man, and at the same time declare that it was Henry that was missing. After I had been in my frontier home awhile the news came to my ears that Henry Mount had been found dead in the river, and everything went to show that he had been murdered. I thought at the time of what Henry had often said, and knowing that Randolph was very wealthy I wondered if Henry had dealt fairly with him. Time went on and the first thing I knew I heard that one Randolph Spencer and James Trimble had purchased a large tract of timberland on the South Black River, and with a large force of workmen had commenced chopping and rafting. I wondered if it was the Randolph Spencer whom I had once known, and waited a long while before I got to see him. One day he passed through our settlement on a hunting-excursion and I got a glimpse of him; but for my life I couldn't tell whether it was Henry or Randolph. My general impression, however, was that it was Randolph; and, if so, I felt satisfied that Henry had murdered him and then taken his brother's name. The uncertainty of this identity preyed upon my mind day and night; and I finally resolved to end the suspense and doubt I was laboring under by ascertaining the facts in the case. I knew that if it was Henry living he was imitating all the peculiarities of his brother to a wonderful degree of success; and there was but one thing about Henry by which I could identify him beyond doubt. This was a large scar extending across the cheek and throat where he had been wounded in a drunken row the year he and I were married."

"Nearly a year ago, I, in company with a friend, descended the Black river, and one night paddled our canoe over and landed on a large raft upon which Spencer was known to be. Watching my chances, for it was very dark and dangerous footing on the raft, I stole forward and when the captain sat bolt upright in a half-drunken stupor, I walked into the tent and carefully raising his long beard, saw the telltale scar upon his throat. He was Henry Mount, and not Randolph Spencer; and this very fact convinced me that he murdered his brother for his property, then left that country and came here, hoping to escape identification. This, my friends, is the truth, though it is not all of which Henry Mount is guilty. I tell you this much that you may escape the monster's clutches."

"Ah! I see you are not an Indian," said Mrs. Zane, greatly excited.
"No; I am a white woman, as you can see," she replied, revealing a bosom of snowy whiteness. "My name is Edith Mount."
"Does he know that you are living?" Ida asked, her eyes swimming in tears of both joy and pity.
"He did know it a few evenings ago, though he supposed I was dead—a victim of another foul murder of his; and when he discovered I was living, he attempted to kill me again. He fired at me, inflicting a severe wound in the breast from which I am now suffering. When that same inhuman monster tripped me up a few minutes ago, under the impression that I was an old squaw, the fall hurt me very much."

"Oh, poor, persecuted soul!" cried Mrs. Zane; "you have saved my child from ruin and death, for in two days more she would have been wedded to that villain!"

"I learned some time ago through a friend, that he was paying respects to a young girl here; and it was to warn her that I came to the Blue Marsh to-day."

"God bless you!" exclaimed the mother, and falling upon her knees she clasped the hands of Edith, while her white lips moved in a prayer of thanks to Him who sees the fall of every sparrow, and holds the destiny of each soul in the hollow of His hand."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A LIVELY RACE.

But little sleep came to the eyes of Goliath Strong and his friends, after Old Wolverine and one of the bee-hunters left camp for the Five Points. Thoughts of the restoration of his father's fortune kept Nattie Darrall awake, restless and impatient. Goliath was calm, thoughtful and watchful, for he could not dismiss all fears of danger from his mind.

Morning at length dawned, and after breakfasting on wild turkey, Goliath said:

"Boys, it will be noon or after before Wolverine and Ed return; and as we can do nothing here, suppose we make a flying visit over to the Blue Marsh? We have no time to lose."

"I'm in for it!" exclaimed Nattie, eagerly.
"Anything will suit me," said Frank Ballard.

Goliath took a slip of paper from his pocket, and with a pencil wrote their intention upon it and then pinned the same to the tree under which they were encamped, that Wolverine and Ed might know where they were, should the two return from the Points before they came back from the marsh. This done, they took their departure.

About noon Old Wolverine and Ed Mathews returned from the Points with the spade; but were astonished to find their friends had deserted camp, and from all appearances, hours before. Goliath's notice, however, did not escape their eyes, and when Ed had read it, all fears subsided.

"They'll not be back at night, Edward," Old Wolverine said; "if Goliath goes up there and finds that woman his wife, and that girl, Ida, his daughter, he'll not leave that right away, that's my opinion. I wouldn't, you may bet."

"Well, why can't we begin the search for those Darrall papers?" Ed asked.
"We can, if you remember the instructions."

"I remember every word: 'under an oak tree in the bend between the mouth of the North and South Black rivers,' is what the paper said."

"Then come along," said Wolverine, and with his rifle upon his shoulder and the spade under his arm, the two set off through the woods.

They penetrated to the river, searching the forest carefully as they advanced. They moved up and down the stream, keeping watch in speaking distance apart. For an hour they searched the bend over and over, and Ed had begun to despair of finding the tree, when suddenly he was startled by a low whistle from Wolverine.

Peering through the dense woods, he saw the old hunter beckoning him toward him, and crossing over to where he stood under a great oak, he was greeted with the exclamation:

"Eureka! Eureka!"

Ed jerked off his hat and would have uttered a shout of joy, had Wolverine not enjoined silence upon him.
"That may be in enemies' lurkin' about," he said; "moreover, the box may not be under this tree, and so a faller'd better not holler till out of the woods. But from 'hearsance,' I should think this was the spot. There is a kind of a sink in the ground which looks as though the dirt had settled; and based on the tree you can see the bark has been blazed off some time ago."

These marks were all very plain, and since the tree was the only oak of any size that they had found, there was not much doubt of its being the one alluded to in Thoms' paper. So the diving himself of his rifle and accoutrements, Wolverine began digging around the sunken spot, previously mentioned. He had not taken out more than half a dozen shovelfuls of dirt when, lo! and behold! he turned up a small box covered with black rust.

"That's it! that's it!" exclaimed Ed, stooping, and taking up the box in his hands.

Wolverine dropped the spade, and together he and Ed examined the box carefully over. The lid was rusted fast, and in several places the rust had eaten through the tin. They had no difficulty in breaking the box open, and when they did so a package rolled up in a newspaper fell out.

Ed opened the bundle, and found the Darrall papers in a good state of preservation, though quite damp and musty. He glanced over the writing and signatures, and when assured that they were the right papers, he wrapped them in a handkerchief and replaced them in the broken box. At this very juncture a voice, stern and deadly, exclaimed:

"Drop that box where you stand, or die!"

Ed started with a cry of horror, and lifting his eyes, he beheld the muzzle of a rifle thrust through a clump of bushes near, and a deadly eye blazing down the barrel. The face and form of the man was concealed; but there was no disguising the voice. It was that of Jim Trimble.

Old Wolverine was already covered from danger by the trunk of the great oak, and, acting upon the spur of the moment, Ed leaped to one side as quick as a flash, and placed a tree between himself and the muzzle of the assassin's gun. Trimble fired, but a second too late, whereupon Old Wolverine drew his revolver, and reaching around the tree, began firing rapidly, though at random, upon the enemy.

The latter returned the fire, one or two bullets cutting close to Wolverine's head.

When the old hunter had emptied the last chamber of his revolver, he turned and whistled for his dogs that were out in the woods near.

As old Baltic came lumbering up from the river, where he had been wallowing in the water, the sound of retreating footsteps was heard on the other side, and peeping around the tree, the hunter saw Trimble and the late Sheriff MacIn running off at the top of their speed.

The dogs had again put them to flight.

"Now, Ed," said the old borderman, "is our time so let's peg out for full timber. There's no denying the fact that Trimble, one of the signers of those notes and the mortgage in that box, knows that they are in our possession. They will move heaven and earth, and ransack hell, and try to find us. Come along, Ed, for they are coming in force—more than twenty of them! It's no use making a stand; they're too many for the Old Guard. Here we go, like a scottin' brace of meteors."

Wolverine and Ed, the latter with the box under one arm, and his rifle under the other, took to their heels, and with all their speed fled up the river.

Trimble, followed by a score of lumbermen and gamblers of South Haven, pursued them—yelling like demons, and firing their guns and revolvers at random. Bullets whistled and rattled through the shrubbery like hail—many of them passing uncomfortably near to the heads of the fugitives.

The latter soon reached the river, then turned and sped along the shore. Trimble and his men, following close behind, shouted lustily for them to halt, their commands being accompanied by oaths and threats of the most horrible kind.

"Drop that box!" yelled Trimble, "or, by the gods, we will give you no quarter."

"The devil 'll give you quarters in a warm corner," replied Old Wolverine.

"Wolverine," cried Ed, "they're gaining upon us rapidly."

"Mebby we can dodge them up here and get over onto Castle Island. Keep a stiff upper lip, Ed, and hoe it down lively. If them

critters git a bolt on us they'll be apt to snatch us bad."

"Carry my rifle a moment, then," said Ed. Wolverine dropped back, and taking Mathews' rifle, again dashed on ahead. He had gone but a few paces when he heard something splash in the water, a little behind him, and glancing back over his shoulder, he saw, to his surprise and horror, that the young bee-hunter had thrown the box into the river.

"My great Lord, boy!" he exclaimed, turning upon the youth, his eyes flashing with indignation, "what in fury did you throw that away fur? Now all is lost—see, the box is floating, and the demons will have it, papers and all."

Ed glanced back and saw that the box had fallen with the open side up, and was floating slowly away at the will of the current.
(To be continued—commenced in No. 375.)

One of the World's Mysteries.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"You'll have my last dollar if the 'Nocks' are beaten, Lander," said Cliff Wallace, with a short laugh. "No need of looking for another bet from me. I have only one merit left. I'll not go in debt to any man."

"And if the most reckless better on the grounds wishes to keep good his reputation, I can suggest the way."

They were very dissimilar associates, looking at them as they stood side by side; one young, handsome, impetuous, with a generous though fiery stream coursing in his veins; the other older, impassive as a waxen man, with the trace of a sneer forever curving his thin lips.

"I am willing to risk my chance in all the stakes that are up against your chance for—"

"What?" asked Cliff, impatiently.
"Wide."

"For Wide!" a startled shock there. Then—"You flatter me by assuming my chance worth so much, and I must say it amazes me by intimating that you are in the list of her suitors."

Lander smiled his conscious superiority.

"When you arrive at my years—always supposing you follow your present course, my dear fellow—nothing in life will have the power to amaze you. Do you make the bet?"

For one instant Wallace hesitated. The ball-ground, the picturesque uniform of the players, the crowded benches, the fringe of eager gamblers cheering the game, all faded away from him for that instant, as it were, and left Wilde Haven's face where she sat opposite, the one absorbing object in his sight. Lander had called him reckless. If he had not been he never could have turned from that sight and said, as he did, passionately:

"Done! But if I lose, may Heaven forgive me for this hour's work."

"Which is more than Wilde would do, barring the last risk," said Lander, coolly. "If you lose the first stakes you lose her just as surely."

"If I did not already know that, do you think I would act as I have done? The deuce!"

Lander glanced around to see what had changed from sharp impatience in his friend's voice to something very like consternation, and beheld a thin, sallow-faced young man sauntering past.

"The hopeful cousin, eh? Never mind, Cliff. If you do lose, Russ Haven will be no nearer winning for any crumbs of information he may pick up and carry. Fancy that bloodless creature interfering with either you or me."

"Bloodless!" said Cliff, between his teeth.

"By the Lord! I believe he has more heart and feeling in one minute's time than you ever had in all your life. He loves her, at least. If it is not beyond my province to say, it what has set you to wishing to marry Wilde?"

"It is beyond your province, rather. It might be any one of a half-dozen reasons; because I am hard hit, or mercenary, or that she seems to prefer you, and I choose to cut you out. A consummation which is not at all a certainty yet."

It was soon made a certainty, and meanwhile, hating himself, and ashamed of having made her a stake, Cliff was filled with a realization of his own passion, which had never seemed half so strong before. His face grew set and his eyes haggard with a sickening apprehension of loss before the game ended, and made it a reality.

He started as Lander touched his shoulder.

"Come, Wallace. You need not advertise the affair by that scowl unless you see fit. Wait awhile before you begin to hate me as your rival. Very likely your loss will be no gain to me."

Cliff had not a word to say. He could not visit the consequence of his own acts upon another. Lander might be the vampire people called him, but through his own folly only he had lost Wilde. He walked away with a sense of dreary misery oppressing him, and found himself face to face with her, on Russ Haven's arm.

"You will not forget your promise, Cliff?" The name pronounced with just the slightest hesitation in the world.

"My promise!" he repeated, vaguely.

"To teach me 'the new moon's spell, at the wishing well,'" she said, with a pout. "I do believe you have forgotten all about it."

"As if I could forget to enter heaven while the gate was open for me! I will not fail to meet you there."

He would see her once more, he thought, and live again for a few minutes in the joy her presence gave him, before shutting down the barrier which must separate them forever. Which would have done so without that last stake, for how could he, a ruined man, aspire to the hand of imperious, luxury-loving Wilde Haven?

"I will see her once more if I die for it," he said, "but this night shall end all."

It did, in a way he little thought.

The faint silvery crescent was trembling in the west, and a little breeze bore the sweetness of dying wild roses from a tangled thicket on its invisible wings as Cliff trod the path to the wishing well, and as he reached it recoiled with an electric shock, his blood curdling, his heart sick with horror. Little wonder, for he was the face of a corpse the new moon shone upon—a face frozen with its last awful passion of hate and diabolism upon it—the face of the man who had been his evil genius, who had helped him on from bad to worse—of Lander, dead from a blow struck from behind with the dagger buried to its hilt in his heart.

After the first shock of this horrible discovery Cliff remembered Wilde, and hurried away to prevent her coming upon that scene. Just in time. She was approaching at a little distance, a "illy-maid" seeming transfigured in

that silvery radiance, with a look in her eyes and a smile upon her lips which intoxicated him by what they revealed. Then he was holding both her hands in a hard grasp, utterly forgetful of that past horror, and pouring out a passionate tide of words all without apparent volition of his own; winning in return what swept him with a wave of rapture, her promise to be his wife.

That sense of rapture was present with him through all the wild excitement of the time afterward. Who had done the deed?

Pacing the blood-stained ground, and fancying he could still see the stark form lying there, Cliff watched in the early morning until the man for whom he waited came. The redness of sunrise was tinging the grove when a pale face looked forth from a leafy screen, and meeting the gaze of the watcher, Russ Haven's stealthy figure crept reluctantly forward.

"I suppose your mission is the same as mine," he said, sullenly. "Have you found anything to trace the crime?"

"Nothing. You should know that the man who struck that blow was careful to leave no clue."

"The man!" said Russ, with a dissenting shrug. "People say it was more likely a woman, one who had cause to take vengeance upon him."

"A woman strike unerringly and with such strength! Do you want to be the next that you know who did it?" cried Cliff, fully. A furtive gleam shot from the other's drooping eyes, and some inexplicable emotion twitched his lips.

"I know who did it and what motive led to the deed," cried Cliff again. "And you—I wonder at your effrontery! It is worthy the coward who would strike unawares a defenseless man. I came here to say that I know you did it, and to warn you. I will keep the bloody secret on condition only that you leave this place forever. How Wilde's pure soul would shrink from your guilty one, but I almost pity you, for I know you were mad with love for her. For her sake I spare you."

The thin lips that had turned pale against the sallow face twitched again, and Haven said, jinglingly:

"Your leniency is the more remarkable that you have such cause for regret." Then, forcibly—"You are not beggared because he is dead. Thanks for your warning all the same. I will heed it."

He went that very day, but before he went he had a private interview with Wilde. What supreme audacity! He came forth from it more like a man who wore a conscious triumph than the weight of guilt upon his soul.

When they two met again she was Wallace's wife. It was in the dreary north where Wilde's fancy had carried them to pass the honeymoon, though winter was coming on. A dull day, a sheet of leaden water reflecting a leaden sky, and she pacing the shore, impelled by the fever scorching in her veins. Without a shadow, and without a sound, she found her cousin standing there before her, and recoiled with an irrepressible cry.

"You?"
"I. Were you not expecting me? Did you think I would not go to the world's end to felicitate you upon your happiness? I only wish it may be as long-lived as your faith deserves, cousin mine, and I venture the prediction that it will be."

The great, white hotel where the Wallaces were stopping overlooked the lake, and Cliff sat by a window staring across the monotonous vista. He did not move as his wife came in. She was quaking inwardly, beset with a great terror and a desperate hope of still escaping it, as she moved to his side.

"We must start for home at once—this very hour, Cliff. They are sick there. I have just had a letter."

She could scarcely speak for her quick heart-beats, and her hand shook as she held an open sheet toward him. He turned his face, and the look he wore forced a moan to her lips. Too late for any escape, she knew full well.

"I, too, have had a letter," he said. "Do you care to read it? There! What have you to say to that?"

She shivered as the crumpled paper he tossed toward her fell at her feet, but made no effort toward picking it up.

"Shall I tell you then what a pretty charge the writer of that lays at your door?" he demanded, bitterly. "Oh, Wilde! Oh, wife! With a sudden movement he caught her wrist in a cruel grasp. 'Look at me, until I see if you are really so bad and yet so fair. You cannot! A lovely demon, and I have taken her to my heart.'"

He flung her from him, her frame convulsed with dry sobbing, her wild gaze seeking his with an agony of pleading for which she could find no words.

"Oh, Cliff—husband—have mercy!"

"Mercy for the murderer?" She shrunk under the word as if it had been a blow.

"I have no room for doubt left, and yet if you were to look me in the eyes and tell me it is not so, I could almost find it in my heart to believe you, I have loved you so."

"And I you. Oh, believe that, whatever ill you know of me—believe that always. It was because I loved you, Cliff."

"What was that foul deed? He had ruined me, but he had no power over you."

"He had, the power to separate you and me forever. Oh, through no fault of yours. Pity me! he was my husband."

Wallace fell back in the chair from which he had arisen, half stunned.

"Go on," he said, hoarsely. "Tell me all."

With the recklessness of desperation she told him. Of the runaway marriage which had been a girl's folly, of the interference of friends who had kept the matter quiet, and the cool heartlessness of the man whose short-lived passion had worn to satiety first, and then to indifference. How she had loved him—Cliff—and pleaded for freedom only to be repulsed and goaded to despair. How she had been threatened with the exposure of her secret while in that mood.

Her wild confession broke there, but he took up the thread.

"There was a witness to the crime, your cousin Russ. Did you know that? Were you false to him, too?"

"I knew it. I promised to marry him. He made that the price of his silence. I never meant to keep the promise. I knew him to be mean and sordid, and I hoped to bribe him at last. You will believe I loved you when you know all I dared for you. Hate me and scorn me if you must, I have been happy. It is all over now, I suppose."

All over indeed, but his sternness and anger melted away from him. He had loved her so! How he suffered, how he pitied her sufferings! The impassable barrier between their two lives had arisen at last. He was too true at heart, too conscious of his own faults, to desert her in this extremity.

It was he shielded her from the revenge Russ Haven aimed at her; it was he guided her despairing mind from the dark thought of

self-destruction, and taught her that through the expiation of a life devoted to the good of others some peace might come even to her tortured heart.

Only one of the world's mysteries, which defies public unraveling, and the world wonders that Mrs. Wallace, whose husband has nobly redeemed a wild youth, should not be happy. Her husband in name only, and her punishment is none the less that he so generously share the burden.

Base-Ball.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP RECORD.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

CHAMPIONSHIP contests are now the order of the day from the United States championship down to the championship of a country town, or even a city ward. Below we give a record of the games played for United States championship honors by the nine most prominent professional clubs of the country. The table of figures is as follows:

CLUBS.	Games won.	Games lost.
Allegheny	15	12
Boston	14	16
Brooklyn	13	15
Chicago	12	14
Cincinnati	11	13
Indianapolis	10	12
Louisville	9	11
St. Louis	8	10
Star	7	9
Games lost.	8	10

It will be seen that the Bostonians have a decided lead, and that Cincinnati is last on the list, it being a close fight between the other nines. The games recorded are those played up to July 8th.

In the League pennant arena up to July 8th the record stood as follows:

CLUBS.	Games won.	Games lost.
Boston	15	12
Louisville	14	11
St. Louis	13	10
Hartford	12	9
Chicago	11	8
Cincinnati	10	7
Games lost.	7	11

This leaves the clubs occupying the following relative positions:

CLUBS.	Games won.	Games lost.
Boston	15	12
St. Louis	14	11
Louisville	13	10
Hartford	12	9
Chicago	11	8
Cincinnati	10	7
Total.	70	70

In the International pennant race the record shows the Alleghenys to be first, with Rochester second and Tecumseh third, as follows:

CLUBS.	Games won.	Games lost.
Allegheny	15	12
Brooklyn	14	11
Chicago	13	10
Indianapolis	12	9
Louisville	11	8
St. Louis	10	7
Games lost.	4	10

The above record is up to July 8th. In the local contests for the championship of Prospect Park, in which the amateur clubs alone take part, the record up to July 8th is as follows:

CLUBS.	Games won.	Games lost.
Hudson	15	12
Ossola	14	11
Nomeless	13	10
Witoka	12	9
Putnam	11	8
Winona	10	7
Seneca	9	6
Lafayette	8	5
Borromeo	7	4
Games lost.	4	10

THE CAMPHOR TREE.—One of the most useful and magnificent productions of the vegetable kingdom that enriches China, and more particularly the provinces of Kiang-si and Canton, is the camphor tree. This stupendous laurel, which often adorns the banks of the rivers, was in several places found by Lord Amherst's embassy above fifty feet high, with its stem twenty feet in circumference. The Chinese themselves affirm that it sometimes attains the height of more than three hundred feet and a circumference greater than the extended arms of twenty men could embrace.

Camphor is obtained from the branches by steeping them, while fresh cut, in water for two or three days, and then boiling them till the gum, in the form of a white jelly, adheres to a stick which is constantly used in stirring the branches. The fluid is then poured into a glazed vessel, where it concretes in a few hours. To purify it the Chinese take a quantity of finely-powdered earth, which they lay at the bottom of a copper basin; over this they place a layer of camphor, and then another layer of earth, and so on until the vessel is nearly filled, the last or topmost layer being of earth. They cover this last layer with the leaves of a plant called po-ho, which seems to be a species of mentha (mint).

They now invert a second basin over the first and make it air-tight by luting. The whole is then submitted to the action of a regulated fire for a certain length of time, and then left to cool gradually. On separating the vessels, the camphor is found to have sublimed, and to have adhered to the upper basin. Repetitions of the same process complete its refinement. Besides yielding this valuable ingredient the camphor tree is one of the principal trees of China, and is used not only in building but in most articles of furniture. The wood is dry and of a light color, and although light and easy to work, is durable and not liable to be injured by insects.

